

Sports Illustrated

MAY 2, 1966

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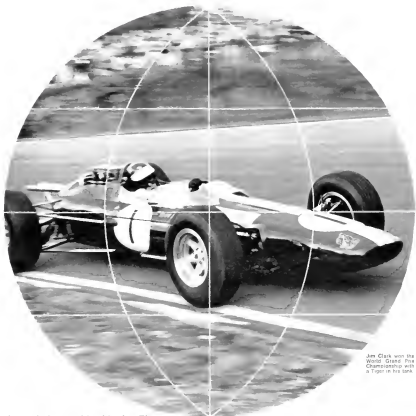


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AMERICA'S LEADING ENERGY COMPANY



A. J. Foyt, winner of the most 1965 U.S.A.C. Championship Races, rides with a Tiger.



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Next week

MAGNIFICENT GRAUSTARK in the favorite for the Kentucky Derby, though a few strong challengers have made late appearances. Whitney Tower analyzes every horse's chances.

THE PRO PLAYOFFS in basketball produced a quarry of shocks and inspired brilliant displays by a remarkable athlete. Frank Deford tells his story and reports the series.

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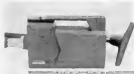


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TENNIS EVENTS

U.S. tournaments

MAY 8-18 California State Championships, Altamonte Hills Tennis Club, Portola Valley, Calif.

MAY 18-23 National Hard Court Championships, La Jolla Beach & Tennis Club, La Jolla, Calif.

JUNE 8-12 National Men's 35 Hard Court Championships, Mill Valley Tennis Club, Mill Valley, Calif.

JUNE 20-25 National Interscholastic Championships, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.

JUNE 27-JULY 4 National Senior and Father & Son Clay Court Championships, Cynwyd Club, Cynwyd, Pa.

JULY 9-17 National Clay Court Championships, Town Club, Milwaukee

JULY 18-28 National Men's 35 Clay Court Championships, Shelter Rock Tennis Club, Manhasset, L.I., N.Y.

JULY 20-28 National Girls' 16 Championships, Beth & Tennis Club, Lake Bluff, Ill.

JULY 31-AUG. 7 National Junior and Boys' Championships, Kalamazoo College, Kalamazoo, Mich.

AUG. 8-11 National Girls' Intersectional Team Matches, Germantown Cricket Club, Germantown, Pa.

AUG. 8-14 National Junior Grass Court Championships, Tuscaloosa Racquet Club, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

AUG. 14-20 National Girls' 18 Championships, Philadelphia Cricket Club, Philadelphia

AUG. 21-28 National Doubles Championships, Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

SEPT. 1-11 National Singles Championships, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, N.Y.

SEPT. 26-OCT. 2 National Seniors' 60 Clay Court Championships, Virginia Beach, Va.

SEPT. 30-OCT. 3 All-American Open, Rosemont Tennis Center, Fort Worth.

OCT. 2-8 National Seniors' 55 Clay Court Championships, Knoxville Racquet Club, Knoxville, Tenn.

OCT. 12-18 National Seniors' 55 Hard Court Championships, Hotel Tropicana, Las Vegas.

OCT. 24-30 National Seniors' 55 Grass Court Championships, Tuscaloosa Racquet Club, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

NOV. 30-DEC. 4 National Senior Hard Court Championships, La Jolla Beach & Tennis Club, La Jolla, Calif.

Foreign tournaments

MAY 10-15 Federation Cup (Little Davis Cup), Sporting Club de Turin, Turin, Italy.

MAY 26-JUNE 8 French Hard Court Championships, Paris.

JUNE Date to be announced. Wightman Cup, Wimbledon, England.

JUNE 12-18 London Open Championships, Queen's Club, London.

JUNE 20-JULY 2 All-England Championships, Wimbledon, England.

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one man out of every 25 we interview.



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SPECIAL TIME LIFE BOOKS REPORT

THE HEALTHY LIFE

WHAT? QUESTION THESE SACRED TRUTHS ABOUT HEALTH?

Some precepts about human health have been taken for granted for so long, it's almost heresy to question them. For example, most people believe that . . .

■ American men have the highest life expectancy of any males in the world. Not at all. U.S. men rank 18th behind Spain and Japan, among others.

■ A man who has had a heart attack must never exert himself. Quite the contrary, according to many modern cardiologists. Vigorous, even strenuous, exercise is now recommended. It helps the heart enrich its blood supply and reduces the danger of another attack.

■ Bowling and golf are excellent ways to keep fit. Not necessarily so, snorts a respected fitness authority. The latter is "a good way to spoil a healthful walk."

■ Cut cholesterol out of your diet and you'll never have too much cholesterol in your blood. Alas, the liver makes its own cholesterol.



Modern medical research is exploding many long cherished myths about health and vigor. Even doctors are surprised at the findings. To make this new information generally available, Time Life Books has just published a new Special Report, **THE HEALTHY LIFE**. In 112 pages of incisive text and dramatic photographs, the Editors have brought together for the first time the latest findings and ideas on health, vigor and fitness. With so much emphasis being placed on American fitness, this Report comes at a particularly appropriate time.

THE HEALTHY LIFE takes stands and champions causes. You will be reminded why "hard" fat is harmful. How stress accelerates the aging process. The puzzle of the Hardy Masai tribesmen. Why smoking probably does more damage to the heart than to the lungs. Why a cardiologist says that even a man who has had a coronary runs little risk of overstraining his heart. Why the results of the Royal

Canadian Air Force exercise plan may be negligible.

To replace myth and misinformation, the Editors of **THE HEALTHY LIFE** drew upon the wisdom of experts like Drs. Thomas K. Cureton, Jr., Wilhelm Raab, George Christakos, and others. They show that you can lose weight by exercise—and lay out a program to prove it. The results of an anti-coronary club for prudent men. In photo essays in the Time-Life tradition, you will visit a Russian health "reconditioning center". . . live with an executive during a typical stress-filled business day . . . see a human marshmallow become a vigorous, healthy human being . . . visit a beauty resort where they wrap you in herbs and let you ingest only 400 calories a day.

With 20% of Americans overweight . . . and heart attack the number one killer . . . with many men of 40 unable to do one pushup . . . it is important that the information in **THE HEALTHY LIFE** be made

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G



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Every club is machined to a specification as precise and exacting as a set of surgeon's tools. If it's off by a whisper, out it goes.

Every shaft is individually matched to its head. The heavier the head, the firmer the shaft. That means

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With a poorly matched set, you spend all your time compensating for variations in feel.

With Arnie's clubs, one swing—and one swing only—works for all the clubs in your bag.

Pick up a set at your pro shop and play a couple of solo rounds. Pretty soon you'll forget all about alibis. You'll be so busy counting, 95... 90... 85... 80...

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Chattanooga, Tennessee

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Arnie's own.



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**The only trouble with driving a Bonneville
is that you can't just sit and admire it.**

Particularly if you've a weakness for what makes a Bonneville a Bonneville—stainless steel down its flanks and bright fastenings at its windows and roofline. And inside, incredibly English—seating and our famously sumptuous upholstery. Beautifully accented 1 1/2" thick pile carpets, rich-grained genuine walnut, that sort of thing. On the other hand, driving a Bonneville has its satisfactions, too. Beginning

with the abundant power reserves of its 389 cubic inches of V-8. The velvety sureness of Wide-Track suspension. And standard safety items like seat belts to buckle up, front and rear. Right now you're probably beginning to see the trouble with just sitting and admiring a Bonneville—a state of affairs your Pontiac dealer will be happy to remedy. Just ask him for the keys.

WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC/'66



Fortrel: for the good life.

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clothes
for boys...

a helping
hand with
neatness



CARNEGIE PRESSTOP boys clothes have a permanent press to give them a helping hand with neatness. Dan River's **Dan-Press** fabric of Fortrel polyester and cotton stays wrinkle free, never needs ironing. And Celanese guarantees the fabric for a full year's normal wear or your money back. Set of solid short sleeve oxford shirt and madras-style walk shorts with matching belt. Plaid parka coordinates. Sizes 6-16. Blue or maize. Available at fine stores everywhere.

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A CONTEMPORARY FASHION FIBER

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The no-drag shaver. In 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th.

The Remington® 200 Selectro Shaver is a new model. Different from anything you've used before. It has a dial with 5 positions that lets you shift over all the different parts of your face.

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Selectro Shaver

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SCORECARD

THE DISSENTERS

The International Olympic Committee selected Mexico City as the site of the 1968 Games after due consideration of the relevant facts, including the city's 7,800-foot altitude. That should have been that. But objections to the thin air of Mexico City are being made with increasing vigor.

Some of the objections have merit. It is agreed that extended training at high altitudes apparently will acclimatize athletes for the Games, but the point is made that some nations cannot afford such training. It is also argued that rich nations, whose teams will spend several months at high-level camps, will be making professionals of their amateurs. Against that is the fact that the fine line between amateur and pro has become so blurred (e.g., by the appearance of the state-trained athlete) that the old concept of amateurism is already all but dead.

In one of the current protests 26 noted British athletes, all Olympic medalists, turned to the *London Times* as a forum, urging the IOC to move Mexico City's endurance events to lower altitudes. And Roger Bannister, the first four-minute miler, asserted, "This decision to hold the Olympics at Mexico City is likely to result in a drastic and deplorable change in training methods. Opportunities to acclimate will be left to the differing wealth of the countries and to the ingenuity, even futility, of their coaches."

These arguments are academic. The effect of Mexico City's altitude will not be known in certainty until the Games are held and the world sees who won what and why. Until then, we had best get on with getting ready.

BAD TIMING

It would have been difficult for Bill Russell to turn down the job as coach of the Celtics in the light of his past protests about an alleged quota for Negroes in pro basketball and his general mili-

tancy in behalf of equal opportunities for Negroes. And it is just as difficult to applaud the appointment at this time, despite the almost universal praise for this removal of one more repugnant barrier to the Negro's participation in sport.

The truth is that no man can demonstrate his full ability as either player or coach if required to do both at the same time. This is true of nearly all sports, and especially of basketball, where the action is continuous. Russell should have been invited to become coach when he was ready to quit playing.

ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING

Alabama's Phil Mulkey, who is a well-preserved 34, may yet become the Sarah Bernhardt of track and field. When he won the decathlon last year for the seventh time, he called it a farewell performance and vowed to retire from the Kansas Relays. "But you know how it is," Mulkey explained last week when the curtain went up in Lawrence. "With the arrival of spring, your bones feel like they're not so stiff."

So saying, Mulkey put on a superb show of running, jumping, putting the shot, throwing javelin and discus. Result: 7,110 points and his eighth title. It was his second highest total since he set a record 7,840 back in 1962. And Mulkey, who began at the Relays 12 years ago as a University of Wyoming man and who is now athletic director of the Birmingham University School, made a most fitting curtain speech. "When the trees leaf out and the flowers begin to blossom, there is a strong urge to compete again," he said. "And I have to confess it's a lot of fun."

TOO ROUGH FOR THE ROUDEST

People do do something about the weather: they blame other people for it. People like poor Red Crise.

Red, or, more properly, Mr. Sherman Crise of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., is the florid, outspoken entrepreneur of a number of enterprises from dog shows to auto

racers, all of which he characterizes as the best there is. For years Red has been calling his annual April Miami-to-Nassau powerboat event "the roughest ocean race in the world," which is just what powerboat racers want of a race. But April is often a benevolent time in the Gulf Stream, and the racers have sometimes headed out from Miami only to find a pathway of balmy calm stretching forward all the way to Nassau. Whenever this has happened, the racers have blamed it on Red. Who else?

Last week they were all back in Miami once again, waiting to head out, and once again they were all mad at Red Crise. Why? For five whole days a big, stubborn, stationary weather system lay somewhere north of the Leeward Islands, whipping the Gulf Stream into seas too big to permit a 30-foot racing boat to venture over them. The "roughest ocean race in the world" had to be postponed because of roughness.

And whose fault was it? To hear the frustrated drivers grouse on the Miami waterfront, there was no question. It was that blankety-blank Red Crise.

HERE COMES THE COUGAR

When one considers that there are more than two dozen automobiles on the world market named after animals, fish and birds, one is not likely to become



rattled by the persistent rumor from Detroit that yet another is on the way—from Mercury.

The Lincoln-Mercury Division, whose raciest name so far has been the Cyclone, naturally will not comment on the coming car. But there are clues. For example, the division recently ordered a stuffed cougar from a Denver taxidermist. At

continued



Floor it. Cooper HP tires have been there before!

Pass, friend. Take 'er to the legal limit, if you must. Cooper's new Super Starfire HP tires are with you all the way. They're four-ply safe, and have been track-tested at speeds over 120 miles per hour.

For four-on-the-floor. Big bores. Turnpikes. Sustained high-speed driving. Or just plain cruising, Super Starfire HPs are built for driving, with new design and engineering features including a deep, wide tread, nylon cord construction, tie-bar stabilizers and a low cord angle. Truly a premium quality tire—

in all respects—to deliver premium road performance.

Although particularly designed for sustained high speed use—this tire is ideally suited for the "family-type" driver who travels at legal speeds on today's highways.

Go ahead, floor it. With Cooper Super Starfire HP tires on the road, the next stop is wherever you want to go. Like every Cooper tire they carry a Full Service Guarantee to assure your complete satisfaction. (Ask your Cooper dealer for details.)



Cooper

Tire & Rubber Company • Findlay, Ohio

Cooper cares about your family's entire safety.

This is an ad for

That's right. A razor blade.

A new razor blade from Gillette that brings shaving one step closer to the effortless.

(But what about that frying pan over there? What in the world does that have to do with a razor blade?)

Ah. We were just coming to that.

Baked onto the cutting edge of this blade is a miracle plastic which is closely related to the coating that's used on the non-stick frying pans.

It's known as a solid fluorocarbon polymer, and it's fantastic stuff.

On a frying pan, the scientists know why it does what it does. But when we put this coating onto the cutting edge of a razor blade, something mysterious takes place: You can slice through your beard with a fraction of

the pull you would feel if the same blade didn't have the coating.

You have to experience it to believe it.

But even Gillette, which invented this type of blade, and has a patent on it—even Gillette can't explain why it works.

This solid fluorocarbon polymer has many secrets, and it gives them up grudgingly.

After working with this substance for years, Gillette has found a way to make it behave on the edge of a razor blade. It is a microscopically thin film, extremely hard and smooth, and it stays on the blade edge to do whatever it does for shave after shave.

Try this new razor blade yourself and see if you don't notice the difference immediately.

Ask for the Gillette Super Stainless. One of the sweet mysteries of life.



a razor blade.



Dacron®...a man's way to look great, stay neat



MANHATTAN makes light of summer with a sport shirt that feels as cool as it looks. And stays neat and fresh all day long, thanks to the luxury blend of 80% Dacron® polyester, 20% combed cotton. Wash & wear, of course. About \$6.95 gets it in blue or green at fine stores everywhere. Just ask for a Manhattan sport shirt with "Dacron".

*Du Pont's registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers,
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Better Things for Better Living
... through Chemistry

Dearborn one company spokesman airily explained that the cat was being used to redecorate the office of Marketing Manager Frank E. Zimmerman Jr. This is fine, but if Lincoln-Mercury is not bringing out a car called Cougar, then Zimmerman may have to explain his decorating tastes to top brass, since the reconstructed cougar cost \$700.

Never mind speculation about looks, performance and lines of the new Cougar. The name does have certain dash and it suggests prowling power. Cougar is acceptable. But there will never be another car name as punchy as 1908's Seven Little Buffaloes (friction drive, air-cooled engine, solid tires). Now there would be a suitable decoration for an auto executive's office.

THE HAVEN

Major league baseball scouts who cover the college campuses are keeping their checkbooks folded these days. The Vietnam war has made the schools such a haven for men of draft age that offers of big bonuses to undergraduates are likely to go begging.

The college coaches, however, are grateful for the respite from baseball's raids on their talent. For the time being, at least, a good number of future major-leaguers will be more Sigma Chi than Three I.

THE CHOD CHOD CANADIENS

It was not the games, it was getting to the games that used to bother the Montreal Canadiens. Like some other athletes who claim air travel upsets their performance, the Canadiens have switched back to trains. And to hear them tell it, that is one reason they are in the Stanley Cup finals.

Most hockey teams fly 757, of the time. The Canadiens now make only seven flights a season, on return trips from Boston. And Goalie Gump Worsley has a pact with the front office that goes even further. He can go home from Boston any way he likes, which in practice means by bus. "I get a funny feeling off the ground," said Worsley. "I guess the only way to explain it is to say that I'm scared as hell."

Worsley's worst experience—and the thing that brought on the team's new policy—was a shaking-up that occurred when the Canadiens' plane hit turbulence over Lake Michigan. After that, the team returned to the practice of rattling to

continued



on tennis' finest
doubles team

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SCORECARD *continued*

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Most of us, however, would feel a lot safer flying than in Gump's goal with pucks coming at our teeth at 90 mph.

GAG RULE

All that lighthearted banter that used to go on among rival players around the major league batting cages goes on no more, and we think it's silly that it doesn't. This winter the National League owners, in an attempt to make the game look more competitive, voted to enforce an old rule prohibiting fraternization among players on opposing teams. Already some 20 players on four different teams have been fined \$25 apiece for talking too much—though in some cases what was said was little more than a casual hello.

Eleven of those punished were members of the Atlanta Braves, and Manager Bobby Bragan was so upset about it that he called the league office to protest. "They weren't fraternizing with anybody," says Bragan. "All they were doing was watching one of our pitchers warm up who happened to be near the New York batting cage." Bragan was told his players had better put their money in the mail now and protest later—and "keep moving" with the enemy around.

Outfielder Art Shamsky of Cincinnati and Met Pitcher Jack Fisher are appealing their fines. "Billy O'Dell [the Braves' pitcher and a former teammate] just wanted to introduce me to some Atlanta newspapermen," says Jack. "and I went over with him to shake hands. Now what's wrong with that? I thought we were supposed to encourage good relations for the ball club."

Bragan *et al.* have our sympathy. The gag treatment will not make baseball a lot more competitive than it is already.

KUDOS FOR SPARTANS

This is coach-of-the-year at Michigan State. No fewer than three Spartan coaches have been so named and another was runner-up. Duffy Daugherty was voted the nation's top football coach after his team won the Big Ten championship. Amo Bessone was next with a national championship hockey team and George Szygula was named gymnastics coach of the year after his team finished second in the Big Ten and third in the NCAA meet. John Benington came

continued

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And we think that's a pretty good idea.

close: he tied for second place in similar balloting after bringing the MSU basketball team from last to second in the Big Ten standings.

DIVING FOR LOUIS' LOUIS

King Louis XV of France, no tightwad, used to look up from reports on the cost of building the fort at Louisbourg in Nova Scotia and peer through the windows of the Palace of Versailles, wondering when he was going to be able to see the towers rising in the western sky. And the fort, intended to command the mouth of the St. Lawrence and to be the strongest in America, was, in fact, a colossal expense—probably the equivalent of \$30 million, which was a lot in the 18th Century. However, not all of the money got to the fort. Stones, brandy, wine and other essentials sent there were sold to enterprising dealers in Boston. Not only did the builders sell material intended for the fort, they expected to be paid, as well. On August 26, 1725 a French vessel named *Le Chameau*, with gold louis and silver coins for the builders, went down with the loss of all hands within sight of the fort.

Last September three young scuba divers from the village of Louisbourg (the fort crumbled to ruins) began bringing up coins from *Le Chameau*. For 20 days they smuggled ashore the pay that had been destined for the grafters, and banked it. Now, because of a lawsuit brought by five other Nova Scotians (who claimed a prior right through a government permit to search for the treasure), present-day Canadians are beginning to learn how much Louisbourg cost. Recovered so far: \$700,000.

THEY SAID IT

- Don Sutton, 21-year-old Dodger rookie, sheepishly explaining a dressing room phone call after pitching his first big-league victory: "Mother wanted to make sure I brush my teeth after every meal."
- Jim Wicks, manager of Henry Cooper, British heavyweight contender, on his boy's willingness to fight Cassius Clay for nothing: "I told him, 'How can I live off 25¢ of nothing?'"
- Wayne Walker, Detroit Lion line-backer who made a mere eight field goals in 22 attempts last season for the poorest record among NFL regulars, when asked how things have been going for him: "I can't kick."

END

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STOP THE WORLD, THE

Trend-spotters agree that sport is now likeliest to develop explosively in the direction of international competition. Partly that is due to pressures exerted by the governments of nations—emerging or emerged—that see victory in sport as an important political status symbol; partly and simply by increased prosperity, leisure and facilities for global travel. Practically any minute now American athletes of all ages and shapes may begin competing in such things as the Outer World Crafter Climbing Championships on the moon, the Nassau-to-Mars Junior Rocket Races or the Dead Sea Submarine Derby.

Seriously, it is spring, and you know

what that means to Americans. A steamship groans on the Hudson River and eight Manhattan families drive to Montauk Point. A jet roars overhead in Des Moines and the Kiwanis Club hires a charter for Scandinavia. A train whistle toots in Pecos and four vegetable trucks swerve toward the warm baths in Mineral Wells. Meanwhile, American athletes are way ahead of all this frenzied vacation planning, and in the month of May the jet trails will grow even more numerous.

Sport has become truly worldwide. While Americans were once content to stay home and play baseball in the spring and summer, they have felt the need in recent years to send their young men

and women hopping around the planet Earth just as if they were AAU officials. In the past few weeks, for example, American swimmers have been splashing in the tanks of New Zealand, Australia and Germany, American trackmen have been gliding over the cinders of Australia, American tennis players have been leaping over the nets of Italy, and a young man named Kelly Stanley from the state of Washington—sounds normal, doesn't it, Kelly Stanley?—thought enough of his somewhat recon-dite abilities to journey all the way to Sydney, Australia to win the World Tree Climbing Championship.

Nor does the end of it seem to be any-

HOW THE NATIONS STACK UP

The chart below encompasses a broad selection of major international sports. Some that are only played in a few countries (baseball,

AUTO RACING

GREAT BRITAIN
U.S.A.
SWEDEN
ITALY
GERMANY

GOLF

U.S.A.
SOUTH AFRICA
AUSTRALIA
ENGLAND
JAPAN

SPEED SKATING

NETHERLANDS
U.S.S.R.
SWEDEN
NORTH KOREA
U.S.A.

BASKETBALL

U.S.A.
U.S.S.R.
BRAZIL
BULGARIA
SPAIN

GYMNASTICS

U.S.S.R.
JAPAN
GERMANY
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
(U.S.A. 6TH)

SWIMMING

U.S.A.
AUSTRALIA
U.S.S.R.
GERMANY
SOUTH AFRICA

BOBBLEDDING

ITALY
CANADA
GERMANY
U.S.A.
GREAT BRITAIN

ICE HOCKEY

CANADA
U.S.S.R.
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
SWEDEN
(U.S.A. 6TH)

TABLE TENNIS

CHINA
JAPAN
NORTH KOREA
SWEDEN
(U.S.A. 23RD)

BOXING

U.S.A.
ITALY
JAPAN
GREAT BRITAIN
MEXICO

ROWING

GERMANY
U.S.S.R.
U.S.A.
YUGOSLAVIA
ITALY

TENNIS

AUSTRALIA
U.S.A.
SPAIN
SOUTH AFRICA
U.S.S.R.

U.S. IS ON

In the jet era athletes are traveling as never before. Name a place and chances are an American team is there to compete. Already enjoying great success, the U.S. should do even better as a talented group of teen-agers matures by DAN JENKINS

where in sight. Quicker than a stewardess can spill her coffee, the U.S. will have some high school ice hockey players in Europe, some college wrestlers in Japan, some skiers in South America and not one but four basketball teams—Kentucky, Kentucky Wesleyan, Western Kentucky and Georgetown College—dribbling in Lebanon, Jordan, Iran, Morocco, Libya, Greece, Israel, Jamaica, Brazil, Argentina and west Africa.

As all of these Americans lug their Licas from one air terminal to another, it may be time to pause and take stock of exactly where the U.S. rates in 24 world sports, a representative selection of those most common to the greatest number of

nations. Surprisingly well, the answer is.

The U.S. currently enjoys top ranking in seven of these sports—golf, swimming, boxing, sailing, track and field, basketball and, thanks to Peggy Fleming (page 30), figure skating. The U.S. occupies second place in auto racing and tennis. Thus, for nine of the 24 sports the American flag is clearly distinguishable, indicating that we are at present the leading sports nation. The chart suggests that only three sports appear to be hopeless causes, cycling, soccer and Nordic skiing. But who rides bicycles except kids in southern California who don't know how to surf? And here football—our version—takes the place of soccer. The Nordic skiing could be improved.

Of all of the sports in which Americans excel, there is only one that we have dominated forever. That is swimming. Twice in the past there have been formidable challengers—the Japanese in 1932 and the Australians in 1956—but we beat them back with numbers or with an age-group program. That was the last trump card, it seems. Now all serious sporting nations have age-group programs, including—oops—the Russians, and perhaps the only way the U.S. will be able to continue its monopoly will be to produce super teen-agers on the order of Dick Grayson and Billy Batson.

continued

cricket, American and Australian football) are excluded. No distinction is made between amateurs and professionals, nor between sexes.

The only caveat is that of superiority, as evaluated by this magazine. The conclusion would seem to be that the U.S. is doing all right.

CANOEING

GERMANY
U.S.S.R.
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
AUSTRIA
(U.S.A. 10TH)

CYCLING

ITALY
BELGIUM
FRANCE
SPAIN
(U.S.A. UNRANKED)

FENCING

HUNGARY
U.S.S.R.
FRANCE
ITALY
(U.S.A. 8TH)

FIGURE SKATING

U.S.A.
U.S.S.R.
GERMANY
CANADA
AUSTRIA

SAILING

U.S.A.
GREAT BRITAIN
AUSTRALIA
SWEDEN
DENMARK

SKIING (ALPINE)

FRANCE
AUSTRIA
U.S.A.
SWITZERLAND
CANADA

SKIING (NORDIC)

NORWAY
U.S.S.R.
FINLAND
SWEDEN
(U.S.A. UNRANKED)

SOCCER

BRAZIL
GREAT BRITAIN
ITALY
ARGENTINA
(U.S.A. UNRANKED)

TRACK & FIELD

U.S.A.
U.S.S.R.
GERMANY
POLAND
GREAT BRITAIN

VOLLEYBALL

U.S.S.R.
JAPAN
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
ROMANIA
(U.S.A. 8TH)

WEIGHTLIFTING

U.S.S.R.
POLAND
JAPAN
HUNGARY
U.S.A.

WRESTLING

U.S.S.R.
JAPAN
BULGARIA
TURKEY
(U.S.A. 7TH)

Fortunately, America just happens to have a few of those super teen-agers on hand, ones capable not only of outswimming a harracuda, but who also can shoot baskets, skate, ski, sprint, sail and swing golf clubs and tennis rackets.

Some of them already have made themselves known, and the others are right on the brink. At the moment the one most likely to ring five bells on wire-service machines around the world is Jim Ryun, a tall, lute runner from Wichita, who at 19 is a freshman at the



Tennis' Peaches Bartkowicz is star at 15.

University of Kansas. Last week Ryun knocked off a 3:55.8 mile at the Kansas Relays, and that is just 2.2 seconds from the world record and the fastest anybody has run a mile in 1966. All of his training methods this year—whether purposefully or not—have been aimed at breaking the mile record, and he seems certain to do that before the month of June is over, if not before.

As sure as Jim Ryun will become the world's leading middle-distance runner, UCLA's Lew Alcindor, another teenage college freshman, will become the greatest thing to have happened in basketball since the one-hand push.

Alcindor is 7 feet 1 inch tall, agile, tough and enthusiastic about playing defense and swallowing rebounds. Out in California, where people never run dry of superlatives, he is considered the ideal combination of no less than Bill Russell and Wilt Chamberlain, which does not mean that he has two goatees. It means he was talented enough as a

freshman to average 33.7 points and 21 rebounds per game, and to help his team upset the varsity. Because of Alcindor, UCLA is expected to win three consecutive NCAA championships, beginning in 1967.

Alcindor is so good, according to Bill Sharman, a former Boston Celtic star, that he could earn \$100,000 right now in the National Basketball Association. "He's fantastic," said one opposing coach this season. "He always knows where the basket is, even when his back is to it. Why, what can you do against a guy who can stuff it from the free-throw line?"

You could switch to another sport, for one thing, and if it happened to be swimming you would dive right into Brad McKean, a sturdy 15-year-old from Pittsburgh whose times thus far indicate that he will do everything Don Schollander has done, then crawl across the Indian Ocean to celebrate it.

McKean is a lad who could have been exceptional in any sport he selected. He had a habit of pitching no-batters as a Little League ballplayer—until swimming won his all-out attention. In 1965 he was first in 18 national age-group categories. And some of his times have been better than Olympic champion (four gold medals) Schollander's at the same age. Unlike many teen-age wonders, however, McKean has a rather mature attitude about it all.

"If you want a true comparison between Schollander and me," he says, "take my times now with his times now."

Another all-round teen-age wonder



Lew Alcindor, 19, is a basketball prodigy.



Record-bound swimmer Brad McKean is 15.

whose main pursuit is the sea around him is Robbie Doyle, a 16-year-old sailor from Salem, Mass. A basketball star, a tennis and swimming standout, Doyle is primarily a sailor who will take to water with anything that looks like it might have a sail on it. When Doyle won the North American Junior Sailing Championship last year, he became the first skipper in 25 years to capture that title two years in a row—and it seems likely that he will make it three straight this summer.

Younger than any of America's most promising teen-age athletes is a grizzled, veteran figure skater from Los Angeles, Atoy Wilson, who is all of 14 years. Wilson is unusual in another respect. He is the first Negro ever to win a U.S. skating title. This he accomplished in January, when he was crowned the novice men's champion. Wilson, who has been skating for seven years, got interested in the sport in a very simple way. He went to see an ice show, and it took.

Progress is coming faster than ever in Alpine skiing, particularly because of the emphasis placed on youth programs. In the winter just ended the U.S. had 17 different ski racers place in the first 10 of a vast assortment of events against the ruling French and Austrians. The highest pair of skis on the slopes, however, belonged to Jere Ellsott, a 19-year-old from Steamboat Springs, Colo. He is just the type of athlete ski racing needs but has not had much of—a boy good enough to have been a star quarterback. His sixth-place finish in a grueling down-

hill race at Sun Valley against the fastest in the world recently was about the best thing that has happened to our Alpine efforts since the late Buddy Werner came along.

For some reason other than the fact that they drink less hot buttered rum, American girls have always fared better than American men in Alpine racing. There were Greshon Fraser, Andrea Mead Lawrence and Jean Saubert, for three sliming examples, and now comes cute Penny McCoy of Mammoth Mountain, Calif.

"She's got the strength, the technique, the drive and the nerves to become one of the great skiers," says U.S. Women's Coach Chuck Fennes.

Only 16, Penny made the U.S. na-



Jane Elliott, 19, and Penny McCoy, 16, have already beaten some of the world's best skiers.



At 19, Jim Ryan is year's fastest skier.

tional team last month when she upset France's Marielle Goitschel, the foremost woman skier, to win the High Sierra Cup Slalom at Heavenly Valley. Penny is so serious about her skiing that when she dates, says her mother, "He has to be a skier and in training, too."

What Penny is to skiing, Peaches is to tennis. That's Peaches Bartkowiec. Just now turning 17, Peaches has yet to lose a match in serious competition to anyone her own age, but then she has not had a chance to meet very many contemporaries. Since she was strong enough to lift a racket, the Detroit lass has been competing against girls twice her size and twice her age.

Two years ago, at 15, Peaches became the youngest girl ever to win the Junior

Wimbledon title, and since then she has ranked No. 1 with the Western Tennis Association among girls in her age group, and No. 20 nationally among all lady competitors. At last she is beginning to grow in size as well as stature. Once scrawny, she has developed big, strong legs as well as a killer instinct.

"She's mean," says her coach, Jean Hoxie. "You hold up a racket and she'll knock it out of your hand from across the court. And if you hold it too tight, she'll break your wrist."

Peaches virtually has been raised by Miss Hoxie in a suburb of Detroit called Hamtramck. Tennis is the official city sport. Everybody plays. As soon as they can walk, kids are slamming tennis balls against apartment-house walls, most of which are occupied by Polish, Ukrainian

and, recently, Negro residents. There are classes in tennis in the public schools, such as Hamtramck High, where Peaches is a junior, and Jean Hoxie's students dominate all of the local tournaments. The one thing wrong with the program is that many young athletes have suffered from a disease that can only be called over-tennis, and have lost interest. Peaches is the exception. She seems tougher—at least as tough as Jean Hoxie herself. And the end result could be a Wimbledon championship one day for the U.S. Anyhow, if Peaches doesn't do it, maybe her 11-year-old sister can. She's not bad for a beginner, and she's got the right kind of nickname, Plums, of course.

The U.S. has no particular worries in golf, barring the occasional intrusion of a South African or an Australian, but it can always use another Mackey Wright. And out in Lubbock, Texas, there may be one. That would be Kathy Hutson, who is only 16. Kathy is already shooting consistently in the 70s, has won the Women's West Texas Amateur Championship and has reached the semifinals of the National Girls' Junior. An excellent long driver, she began that tournament with an eagle and a birdie and lost out finally to Gail Sykes, who was two years older and far more experienced.

Nice, huh? Lots of athletes in the bank for the U.S. Golf, tennis, swimming, figure skating, sailing, track, basketball, crater climbing. All we have to do between their promising moments now and their full maturity in the pleasant future is keep them from tripping over the guitar strings.

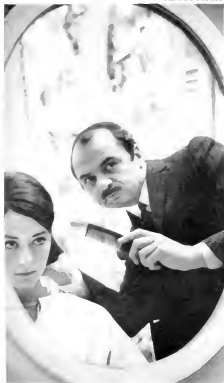
END



Sailor Bob Doyle, 18, is two-time winner.

A PARIS FLING FOR A TEEN QUEEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID BAILEY



For most U.S. teen-age athletes the paths to glory still lead up a mile-high mountain of practice. One who has achieved the summit is World Figure Skating Champion Peggy Fleming, 17. After eight years of rigid training, Peggy at last got a chance to stay up really late, dancing in Parisian cafes, dining at Maxim's, boating on the Seine. Peggy's victory tour took her across Europe to England, Austria, Switzerland, Germany, Russia and France. And in Paris in the spring (see cover) the years of discipline were rewarded with a lovely dazzle of champagne suppers. Former World Skating Champion Alain Calmat, whom Peggy first met in her home town of Colorado Springs, was on hand to welcome *la petite championne* and show her his town.



Coffeur Jacques Dessange (far left) creates a style for Peggy who, enraptured by exhibitions, fell asleep before his triumph was complete.

Wide awake at midnight (above), a radiant Peggy whispers to Alain Catinet over champagne and a Maxim's specialty, raspberry soufflé.

Peggy and Alain move into the swirl of dancers on the biny floor (12 feet by 12) at Cestel, the chic cellar discothèque on Paris' Left Bank.



CONTINUED



PARIS FLING

After lunch at the Pique Chic restaurant high up in the Eiffel Tower, Peggy tries to admire the view. She is handsily sheltered from the stiff wind by fellow skater Ronnie Kaullinen, American pairs champion.

A dithering Peggy, unaccustomed to fame, was asked to sign the Eiffel Tower's Livre d'Or. Afterward, like any other American in Paris, she picks out postcards to send to her friends in Colorado Springs.



From a riverboat, Peggy watches the fishermen on the banks of the Seine. Her happy Paris fling ended sadly, for soon after these pictures were taken she was notified that Albert Fleming had died of a heart attack. Peggy returned, not for the celebration her home town of Colorado Springs had planned, but for her father's funeral.



WHAM! BAM! AND ALLEY OOPS

Pittsburgh was on the brink of disaster in almost every game of the new season, but with one hero after another taking a shot at the enemy the Pirates were off to a sensational start in the pennant race

by TOM C. BRODY

Underneath the snappy black blazers the Pittsburgh Pirates wear en route to National League cities this year beat some of the strongest and youngest hearts in baseball—for which ambulance drivers, night nurses and interns on emergency duty should be grateful. The Pirates are barely two weeks into what is obviously going to be a long and brutal season, but the way they have thus far gone about winning ball games combines some of the startling elements found in a gang rumble or a mugging.

Consider their ninth victory of the young season, gained last Saturday night against their tormentors of last season, the St. Louis Cardinals (the Cards, who had a 14-4 record against the Pirates in season play last year, were the only team in the league that had an edge on Pittsburgh). It's 4-2 in favor of the Cardinals in the ninth inning, and young Nelson Briles is pitching a reasonably strong five-hit game. Up steps Bob Bailey, who had hit a homer earlier in the game off Briles. Wham! there goes Bailey's second homer, and the score is cut to 4-3. Out goes Briles, in comes Relief Pitcher Dennis Aust. Up steps Jim Pagliaroni, the handsome catcher who has become the acknowledged team leader of the Pirates. Wham! there goes another home run, and the score is tied 4-4. Out goes Aust, in comes the Cardinals' premier reliever, Hal Woodeshick. Woodeshick gets one out, gets a second. Then up comes Jose Pagan, a .215 batter last year, a big part of which he spent as a San Francisco Giant. But now Pagan is a Pirate—and a rumbler. Pagan hadn't hit a home run last season or this, but there's a game to be won. Wham! there goes another homer, and the Pirates have the ball game 5-4.

In seven of their first 11 games the issue was settled by one or two runs anywhere from the sixth on into the 13th inning. Even the best of teams can expect to be on the short end of that sort of

game at least half the time, but the Pirates won all seven and won with seven different pitchers. Luck? Sorcery? Early foot? Call it anything you want, but note that even with the World Champion Dodgers and the powerful Giants having a merry old time against the havenot Cubs and Astros, there sat the Pirates in first place.

For those who were puzzled by Pittsburgh's early run, listen to the reason for it, as explained quite simply by Atlanta Braves Manager Bobby Bragan. "Speed?" asked Bobby, rhetorically. "They've got it. Power? They've got it. Fielding? They've got it. Pitching? A question. They're young." At that point Bragan paused, looked suspiciously around the room and added: "They have also got Gene Alley at shortstop." With that, Bragan leaned back like a man who has just answered the ultimate question.

Gene who? Good question. Leonard Eugene Alley, known fondly as "Oops" to his teammates, is a shy young man who was warned on disaster, as were many of the young men now playing regularly for the Pirates. The disaster was the opening of last season Roberto Clemente, the defending batting champion, was recuperating from malaria. All-Star Second Baseman Bill Mazeroski was out with a broken bone in his right foot. Taking a deep breath, the Pirates ventured forth on their first western swing, lost 12 of 15 games, came home, lost eight of 10 and by May 20 had the unique distinction of being in last place in a league that had the New York Mets.

The man pressed into service to take Mazeroski's place was Alley—"a raw recruit thrown into combat," said Manager Harry Walker. "You either learn, and learn fast, or you get killed." Alley did not make anyone forget Mazeroski, but he did form the seed of inspiration for his manager. After Maz finally returned to active duty Alley, who fully expected to spend the rest of the season

on the bench, instead found himself on the other side of second base—where he belonged in the first place. He was the shortstop the Pirates had been looking for, and he and Maz quickly became a double-play combination that Hall of Famer Pie Traynor called "better than Tanker-to-Evers-to-Chance."

Of course, it was too late for the Pirates to make up all that lost ground, but from then on, last year, they were the U.S. cavalry coming over the mountain. The Pirates won more games from that point than any other team in the league, including the Dodgers.

The rather remarkable activity around second base explains in part the success the Pirates have had with one-run affairs. The rest comes from a succession of heroes who keep popping up at the most incredibly opportune times. On opening day Pagliaroni picked the perfect place and time for his first home run this year. It came in the eighth with the Pirates a run behind, and it tied the score. Five innings later, next hero—Willie Stargell, the muscular young left fielder. Through 12 innings Stargell, in five tries, had produced a lazy fly, two strikeouts, a ground ball out and a double play. By the time the 13th inning came around Braves Pitcher Tony Cloninger thought he knew just what to do with frustrated Willie Stargell. But this time Stargell swung and sent the ball over the right-field wall 375 feet away and about five rows up into the seats. Then, the next day Stargell hit the ball 375 feet to left field for another home run.

A home run by Stargell is a perfectly proper way to win a ball game, as is a sacrifice fly by Mazeroski, who has a knack of ending things dramatically (the fly came in the ninth to beat the Cardinals). Even a squeeze bunt by Alley that beat the Reds for the fourth straight time last week had an air of legitimacy in it. A more unlikely subject for high honors; especially in the field, is Jesse

Gonder, an ex-Met catcher, who started a stunning triple play against the Reds in the seventh inning with the Pirates holding a one-run lead. "I was flabbergasted," said Cincinnati Third Baseman Pete Rose, who ended up as the third out.

There seems to be no end of surprises by the Pirates' little people. Pagan, who stands 5 feet 9 in his bare cleats, tied one game in the eighth inning with a pinch single, and the next night won a game outright with a pinch double. Manny Mota, an inch taller than Pagan, won a crucial game against the Cardinals. Crucial? This early in the season? Yes, sir. The Pirates had lost to the Cardinals the day before for the 18th straight time at Forbes Field. "We had to prove we could beat them," said Alley. "We had to prove it to them—and to ourselves." Enter Manny Mota. Whack! Little Manny hit a triple in the seventh, and that was the end of that nonsense.

It is not the end of the little people. The tiniest Pirate of them all, Elroy Face, is 38 years old and has a bad knee. But there was the winning run on third for Cincinnati with no one out in the ninth, and all Face had to contend with were Cincinnati's leading hitter, Vada Pinson, cleanup batter Gordy Coleman and Deron Johnson, who led the league last year in RBIs. Tough! "Awful," said Manager Harry Walker, recalling the event. "But Elroy has this fork ball, you see. . . ." And with this fork ball Face, all 5 feet 8 inches of him, made Pinson homuncle to Mazeroski, then struck out Coleman, and then — "Oh, my God," said Walker, "he did it again." And the Pirates won the game in their half of the ninth.

"How goes it?" someone asked Alex Grammas, the Pirates' third-base coach, afterward. "That," said Grammas, "was my fourth cardiac."

You would think that the Pirates would be used to this sort of thing by now. The quietest man in the dressing room was Walker, and it was hard to tell whether he was laughing or crying. "What in hell is going on down here?" asked a reporter. It was Gene Alley who answered him. "Maybe, just maybe," he said, "we want to win this thing."

Maybe they will, but Grammas will never last the season.

END

With his second home run Bob Bailey started a Pirate rally to beat the Cardinals.





It is difficult to see how Cassius Clay, who may have become a Black Muslim as early as 16, could have been kept out of the movement. Mystical, unsettled and obsessed with prophecy, he was a perfect prospect. He is a less-than-perfect follower today, except in one respect: he fears the word of 'the boss.'

LEARNING ELIJAH'S ADVANCED LESSON IN HATE

by JACK OLSEN

Cassius Clay Jr. claims that the white race is obsessed with guilt about the Negro, and in order to prove his point he puts on a performance, a sort of one-man happening, in which he plays all parts including sound-effects man:

"A house is on fire, pretend. You're sleeping next to your partner. [Sound: snoring.] You open one eye, and you see the house is on fire. Your partner's still sleeping. [Sound: snoring and whistling.] And you see this hot lava and this burning two-by-four is getting ready to fall on your partner, and you get out of the bed. You run out of the house without waking him up!

"When you get outside, you say [clapping hands and looking skyward]. 'Oh, Lord, what have I done wrong? I was so selfish and greedy, worrying about myself until I forgot my partner inside. Oh

[wringing hands], he's probably dead, the house caved in. [Dramatic pause.]

"And then he comes out just in time and he looks you in your face!

"Right then you feel he's supposed to kill you. You know what you'd do if somebody left you in a burning house. Right then you feel he's supposed to hate you because he would have a right to hate you. And he says, 'Man, why didn't you wake me up? Why did you let me stay in that house?' [Shouting.] *The house was on fire! Man, you were gonna let me burn! What's the trouble with you, huh?*

"Right then you'd take the defense. You'd say, 'I didn't know, I didn't mean it. Don't kill me!' You feel like he might kill you.

"Well, that's what white Americans are like. The house's been on fire for 310 years, and the whites have let the blacks

sleep. The Negro's been lynched, killed, raped, burned, dragged around all through the city hanging on the chains of cars, alcohol and turpentine poured into his wounds. That's why the Negroes are so full of fear today. Been put into him from the time he's a baby. Imagine! Twenty-two million Negroes in America, suffering, fought in the wars, got more worse treatment than any human being can even imagine, walking the streets of America in 1966, hungry with no food to eat, walk the streets with no shoes on, existing on relief, living in charity and poorhouses, 22 million people who faithfully served America and who have worked and who still loves his enemy are still dogged and kicked around."

Cassius Clay's attitude on race is a tortured confusion of truth, half-truth and untruth based on hatred and distrust of the oppressing whites and pity and compassion for the vic-

continued

At Black Muslims' national convention a quiet, respectful Clay listens as Muhammad speaks.

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tamed Negroes. He claims to believe literally that all whites are devils and challenges any "whites" to prove otherwise. He is firmly dedicated to segregation, and he believes that God, or Allah, is on the side of the black man and will cause the downfall of the United States before the end of the year.

All these beliefs grew inevitably out of his own pride and his reactions to early indignities suffered at the hands of white people in his home town, Louisville. They were reinforced by simple lessons in hate learned at his father's knee and by advanced lessons in hate learned at the feet of his surrogate father, Elijah Muhammad, leader of the Black Muslims. And they were buttressed intellectually by certain unfortunate social truths about white Americans and their relations with other races.

As in many other matters involving the heavyweight champion, how he could keep his intensity hidden for so many years is a mystery. Until the change in his draft status fanned some of his anger and made him reveal himself, at least slightly, Clay's public image had been that of a naive young man who was being led to parrot antiwhite remarks but who, underneath it all, loved mankind, whites as well as blacks. Every time he took an antiwhite step, such as his move to divert theater-TV revenues into the Black Muslim hate group, his close admirers explained that Cassius meant no harm. "Cassius love all people," said his mother. "He's just that type of person." And Aunt Coretta said, "How Cassius could wind up with people like the Muslims is just one of those things you can't comprehend. But I really know that Cassius isn't like that. Any white man that walks up the street now and says 'Hello, son,' he'll shake hands with 'em and have words with 'em."

What Coretta Clay did not add, or perhaps did not know, is that a few minutes later Cassius might be expressing the most intense loathing for the white race, including the stranger whose hand he had just accepted. Lately Cassius has developed an even deadlier technique with whites than the behind-the-back thrust. He is capable of looking at them as though they do not exist, of staring them straight in the eyes while they are asking questions and then pretending that he has not heard a sound.

Much of Clay's theorizing and philosophizing about race comes close to the

outermost limits of reason, and much of it is balderdash. Sometimes it is almost impossible to believe that he believes what he is saying. Sometimes he can sound like a young Marcus Garvey leading black folks toward the boat for the trip back to Africa. "Once a man learns nature and culture he wants to be with his own," he chatters, "and he's not comfortable with anyone else."

If you disagree with this view, Clay is likely to show annoyance. After I had spent an enjoyable morning with him, sitting in his house and listening to tales from his childhood, I told him, "I don't understand why you say whites can't be comfortable in Negroes' houses. I'm in your house and I'm comfortable."

"Fow understand it!" he snapped. "You're just playing dumb!"

Then he launched into a lengthy explanation. "The white man has always had a white restaurant and a colored restaurant at the railroad stations, and even in New York they got a place called Harlem, and in Chicago they got a place called the South Side. It'll always be that way, and a man who has a knowledge of himself wants it that way. He won't want to marry a white woman. He'll want to keep up his race pride. White people want to stay white. We honor that. But we just want to stay black."

"I didn't always feel that way. I used to say a Negro woman can't do nothing for me but show me which way the white woman went. I'm showing you how I was brainwashed and thought that white was prettier than my kind. I used to say if I ever got to be champion I'm going to London, Rome, Paris, I'm gonna have a good time there. Over there we can be around white people and integrate and have no trouble. I was so sick! That's the way Negroes think, even now. A Negro woman in Chicago just took her children to Sweden. Why didn't she take 'em to Ethiopia, Ghana, Nigeria?"

"You got to love your own kind. I just love my people and their children. I hug the little Negro children when they come around the yard. They're so humble and sweet and they don't bother nobody. They don't have a future, and nobody really teaches 'em the truth. I couldn't feel the same way about a white child, 'cause he's not my kind, and then later when he gets bigger he'll have to turn away from me or else give up everything he's got, just to be with some poor Negro. He's got brothers and sisters and

friends that'd condemn him for being with me. Kennedy got killed. Lincoln got killed. They meant right, but they were surrounded by the other whites."

Clay reserves his choicest invective for Negroes who refuse to draw a color line and live by one. He may grapple such persons to his soul for brief periods, perhaps in an attempt to reform them, but ultimately they will be cast out as "white man's niggers." One such was Drew Brown, the fascinating "Bundini" who trained Clay for a few fights and brought zest and merriment to the champion's camp. The beginning of the end for Bundini came on a private bus trip from Florida to New England, one of those wild odysseys so characteristic of Clay's life (SI, May 17, 1965). Bundini entered a restaurant in Yulee, Fla., and was told to get out. He was arguing loudly with the white proprietor when Clay suddenly appeared inside the place and gave Bundini the bum's rush. Bundini started to cry, and Clay hustled him back onto the bus and wrestled him to a seat. "I don't know why you want to go in places that don't want you," Clay hulked at Bundini. "That's why I wouldn't go in there, because I knew something like that was gonna happen." Bundini kept right on crying, and Cassius said, "Listen, Bundini, you ain't nothing but a nigger! You and your white wife and your white friends, see where they got you!" Soon afterward Bundini was out as Cassius' trainer and court jester.

Clay became convinced that black was best only after he met Muhammad. "I used to think black was bad," he says. "My mother and father used to tell me if I go in this dark room the bogyman would get me, and he was black. A black cat was bad luck, little black ducklings on the TV cartoons always walked in the back and had the hard time. And then I found out that black wasn't bad. Which is stronger, black coffee or white coffee? Which make better crops, black earth or light earth?"

He uses the word Negro, but only as a convenience; he prefers to be known as "an Asiatic black man," even though his ancestors were Africans and white Americans. Recently he was debating the subject on Milton Metz's conversational radio program in Louisville. A telephone caller said, "A few minutes ago you stated that you are not a Negro."

continued

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"No, ma'am," said Clay politely. "not a Negro."

"Well, I would like to contradict you."

"Yes, ma'am, start contradicting."

"And I have proof of this."

"Well, prove it."

"I am a Negro and proud of it," the lady said.

"Well, I am proud I am a black man, and I am not a Negro."

The caller said, "Now the word Negro comes from a Latin word, *niger*, which means black."

Clay began to show a slight testiness.

"Well, why don't you say color in English and quit going to Latin and saying black? Do you say *niger* shoes? Do you wear a *niger* dress, *niger* pants, *niger* shirt? If it is black, you call it black in English, but when it come to your name you go to Spanish. You is a black woman! You are a black woman! I said I am a black man."

When the woman restated her argument, Cassius finally exploded: "I think when you call for debate you should get real serious, because you have just been proven wrong right now over the whole radio. You a Negro—or *niger* or whatever it is—if it means black 2,000 years ago. . . . I don't want to know nothing about 2,000 years ago! I am speaking English today. I am a black man. . . . You're hypocritical! You ashamed to say you black!"

"Negro comes from a Greek word called *nekros*," Clay said. "And *nekros* means something dead. I am not a Negro. You see, Chinese are named after China; Cubans are named after Cuba; Russians are named after Russia. . . . So what country is named Negroes? Woman, go back and get versed on what you talking about. Next person!"

Moderator Metz tried to spray oil on the troubled airwaves, but Cassius spluttered angrily. "This was one of my people who is a so-called Negro. All the whites are following me, giving me respect, calling me by my name, and when I explain things to them they have enough common sense to use simple facts and reasoning and say, 'Champ, it makes sense. You have made it plain.' But you notice there is always some. I am not saying this about this woman—but it is always a foot to fight trash."

In more private conversations, Cassius is apt to be less tolerant of the whites

and much less complimentary. Like his father, he takes a conspiratorial view of history, and he charges the white race with pulling off some anti-Negro coups that would never have entered the imaginations of LeRoi Jones or James Baldwin in their angriest moments. Young Clay offered to bet a Louisville reporter \$100 that Barry Goldwater would win the 1964 presidential election and explained that Goldwater was anti-Negro; therefore the election would be rigged in his favor. Who would rig it? the reporter asked. "The whites," Cassius said.

He is also convinced that white Americans are engaged in a conspiracy to use big-name Negroes to brainwash Negro children. As he explained to a Negro friend in Miami recently, "Jackie Gleason's trying to show me why I shouldn't be a Muslim. He said, 'Champ, why don't you think about it?' He's not the onliest one. All the big whites are trying. They want me to be their nigger. The whites made all the big niggers rich. Like, you take all the big Negroes, Lena Horne, Eartha Kitt, Diahann Carroll, Chubby Checker, Sammy Davis. Take those big niggers, Floyd Patterson and Sonny Liston. The whites make 'em rich, and in return they brainwash the little Negroes walking around. Liston lives in a white neighborhood, Patterson lives in a white neighborhood. Liston carried a little white boy right on his lap, promoting a little white boy. I curried a little colored. I can live in the Fontainebleau, anywhere I want, but I live here in a slum with my people. I could have taken money from the whites, but it would brainwash all the black children."

To a mind like young Clay's nothing just happens. There are cabals within cabals, and the biggest plotters of all are the whites, en masse, keeping the Negro on his knees. "If you want to know how that kind of thinking gets started," said a friend of the Clay family, "go out and ask his father how he feels about the Pope. Then you'll get an idea of what Cassius was brought up on."

"The Pope?" said Cassius the elder, huffing and snorting like a bull coming through the tunnel to the ring. "Lemme tell you about the Pope. Ummm. Ummm. About 18 years ago, maybe longer'n that, 23½ years ago, Rome was in a war with Africa. Am I right? Ummm. Now hold still now! The Africans were barefooted. They didn't understand. They were fighting with spears and things.

The Roman people went over there and trapped 'em in a big place with barbed wire around it. Burned 'em up!"

He was asked what the Pope had to do with his story. "What did the Pope have to do with it?" Cassius Sr. asked as though he were talking to an idiot. "The Pope is the leader of Rome. The Pope got a lot to do with it. He's the head of the Holy City, man!"

The elder Clay finds himself in an impossible situation nowadays. The Muslims have ordered young Cassius to stay away from his father, and the father must try to convince his son that the Muslims are wrong in order to win him back. But Cassius Sr.'s arguments about race and Elijah Muhammad's arguments about race sound almost identical. Close relatives point out that it was the father's early teachings that preconditioned Cassius to accept a religion of hate. Even now Cassius Sr. cannot mask his suspicion and distrust of anyone lighter than he is. "You gotta watch people all the time, study 'em," he says. "I'm not like Cash. See, my daddy was a seaman. He got around a lot, but a white woman wouldn't let him in the front door. You follow? White man'd come to the door and ask for the insurance money, and the colored lady'd say, 'I ain't got it,' and he'd holler at her, 'Why ain't you got it?' He'd come in her house and boss her even! I gotta go in that white people's house by the back door. That's the way it used to be when I was a kid. And it wasn't so hot around here when Cassius was growing up, either. The white people in Kentucky do things on the sly that they wouldn't do down in Mississippi. They more sly here and on up north. I'd rather they'd come to my face than slip around my back cotten' me up. See, they're deceitful. In the South at least they come to your face and stab you. Am I right?" He laughed loudly at the comparison.

The elder Clay's thoughts are often tuned to violence, and after he has had a few drinks he spins horror stories about the injustices inflicted on Negroes around Louisville, leaving one to wonder how many similar speeches must have fallen on the ears of Cassius Jr. as he was growing up. "On Seventh Street one day," the father says, "there was a little colored boy about 7 and a white girl about the same age. He asked her for a cigarette, or something like that, and these two white guys came out of this truck and

continued

took a chair and beat that colored kid to death! Killed him! Ain't that something to think about, man? Just for talking to a white girl! No, I never told Cassius that story. I wouldn't tell him that for nothing. You'd never get him out of the Muslims if I told him that story!

"But he knew about things like that. They killed a colored boy here, what I call a legal lynching. Now just hold still. A nice-looking boy, 21 years of age, going with a white girl at General Hospital. Something came up, the white cops caught 'em together, and they said to her, 'We're gonna disqualify you from our race,' and they said, 'You love a nigger and you're going to court and you better say he molest you.' And they burn that young boy. Charge was rape. Artificial rape. A legal lynching. The girl came back the day before he was burned, and she said, 'No, he didn't rape me, we was going together.' And they said, 'It's too late now.' Happened about 15 years ago, Cassius knew about it.

"When I was a boy, seemed like every darned day you'd read in the paper about something like that: a lynching, a burning of a Negro. Now wouldn't that turn you against the white man? Nine or 10 or 12 or 15 cases like that a week?"

Considering Cassius Sr.'s description of the Louisville of his own youth, his son's early life seems to have been fairly free of racial incidents. According to the parents, Cassius' first awareness of color came when he was 3 years old. His mother, the light-skinned Odessa, recalled, "One day he said to me, 'Mama, is you a white lady or a colored lady?' I said to his father, 'How did he know enough to ask sumpin' like that?' And later on, when he was about 4, he said, 'Mama, when you get on the bus, do people think you a white lady or a colored?' I was shocked! I said he's too little, how he know the differences in color?"

Soon after, the boy began asking his father about race. "When he was 5 years old, he said to me, 'Daddy, I go to the grocery and the grocery man's white. I go to the drugstore and the drugstore man's white. The bus driver's white. What do the colored people do?' I just explained to him there was more opportunity for the white people, that they rule everything."

Curiously, father and son tell contrasting versions of what appears to have been the child's only physical brush with the race that "ruled everything."

"A white man grabbed Cassius when he was about 5, 6 years old," the father says. "Cassius had been playing on the railroad tracks by the granary, and this big old sun buck was roughing him around, beating on him. Somebody came to us and told us the guy was beating him, pushing him around. I made him back off. Cassius was crying."

Says the son: "Yeh, I remember sumpin' like that. There was a little sand-and-rock granary alongside the railroad tracks. We'd jump off the roof into the sandpile, and this man'd come out and chase us. There was a little hole in the concrete wall leading out of the place, and I was running through the hole and he caught me by the collar and dragged me. And he said, 'I'm gonna give you a good whippin'.' I started hollering and he said, 'Shut your mouth, little nigger! I'll give you a good whippin'.' Some man came along and said, 'Let that kid go!' He let go and said, 'Get on outa here quick,' so I did. I was 8 or 9."

"When Cassius was younger," the father went on, "we were downtown and he said, 'I want a drink of water.' And his mama said to me, 'You know they're not gonna give him no drink of water in downtown Louisville!' And I said, 'Sure, they would.' I said they may be illiterate and ignorant and animals, but they wouldn't turn no baby down when he was thirsty. So we asked this girl at the 10¢ store, and she threw up her hands and she said, 'I'd lose my job!'"

Cassius Jr. did not remember the water incident, but he listened enraptured as it was recounted to him secondhand. At the end he said, "That just backs up why I'm a Muslim. Imagine! There I was, a little bitty baby, a little brown baby in Kentucky, with a nice mother and a father that loved everybody, worked honest, wasn't asking for no pistols, which as the first law of nature he could have done. We're in the shape where we could pick up arms, but we don't."

He started slowly, but in reconstructing the story with all its racial harmonies he seemed to get carried away. "Now here's my mother, a poor humble sweet Christian. This is what Christianity done for the Negroes. She don't hate nobody, love everybody. My father just don't do nothing but stay around and paint, play with the birds, a humble man. He don't think evil against nobody. Now here they've got a little bitty baby who's destined to be the champ of the whole globe

in his own little country home town, and all he wants is some water. This is the work of the devil, the way the whites do! This is a little baby who is just thirsty. He don't know what he's in the world for. Don't know nothing about color."

Clay went on and on, his voice rising and falling, his face showing sorrow and anger, in a kind of Dostoevskian dirge. "The baby was just thirsty, and all the little baby wants was a drink of water. . . . If he just drank the water out of the gutter . . . Poor old Negroes, poor Negro, worked and slaved 310 years for his master, loved his enemy, and they shoot 'em down in the streets in the North and the South just for asking for justice. . . . You'd think that God wouldn't let them continue misusing His humble people like this."

Clay sat on the edge of his bed in Miami, shaking his head solemnly from side to side, and a stranger might have thought that he was on the verge of tears. But after a small amount of contact with him one learns that Clay spends out long embroiled laments about incidents he does not remember, all the while casting sly looks at the listener to see what impression he is making, and if he is not moving his audience sufficiently, he works doubly hard, wringing his hands and making his voice quiver with emotion. He is just as likely to use a story of racial cruelty to elicit laughter, thus reaching his listeners' emotions from another direction.

"I was at a integratin' once in Louisville, Kentucky," he told me, positioning Louisville geographically for the hundredth time in our acquaintanceship. "It was at Central High School, and I went downtown to march and integrate." His face showed he meant this story to be funny. "And I got some hot water poured on me!" He laughed, but I did not join him; so he started over. "I was mad because we couldn't go to the white schools. I was mad because the white girls wouldn't look at me. Sure, I was in a integratin' demonstration. I wasn't famous then. And a white lady poured hot water on me!" He shook all over with laughter. "Boiling water?" I asked.

"Yeh," he said, barely able to speak. "Hot, boiling water!" (More laughter.) Then he pulled himself together and said, "Man, I said to myself, 'Whoa! This water's hot! Sumpin's wrong. This ain't

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Visiting an Indiana landmark, Bonnie West and children take a breather after crossing the Clinton Falls Bridge.

right!" I said, "Sumpin's gotta be better'n this integritat!" He jumped up to laugh in a standing position, and I asked him why the woman had singled him out for the hot water. "Why me?" he said, shrieking and giggling. "Why not me? A nigger's a nigger!" He rapped me on the back as though enjoining me to come on and laugh, he would not be offended. "A nigger's a nigger," he said again, and stumbled into the bathroom to wipe off the tears.

As a result of all his histrionics, one is never sure to what extent Clay's reminiscences are exaggerated, understated or completely apocryphal, or even to what extent he may be kidding himself. Consider his straight-faced explanation of how he first came to realize that there was a genuine black culture in the world:

"One time I was walking the streets of Louisville, Kentucky, and I saw two Africans black as coal, wearing their long robes. Turned out they went to the University of Louisville. They went into a movie show that I couldn't go into, and I waited till they come outside and I said, 'How come you went in the show and I can't go?' And one of 'em said—' here Cassius shifted to a clipped, staccato African accent that would have done credit to a professional impressionist—" 'Well, mon, I hov my flog, I hov my language, I hov my religion, I hov my culture, I hov my name, and I om a Offrican.' He say, 'You don't hov your name, don't hov your flog, don't hov your culture, You're the white mon's Negro.' Then he walked right off."

Cassius let that slightly suspicious story sink in, then rambled on. "I said something's wrong somewhere. And I laid in my bed many a night crying and always wondering, 'What can I do to help free the Negro?' I had dreams of walking up on God and Him telling me what to do. I always hoped that some miracle would change the Negro's condition. And I always had a feeling I was meant to do something divine, something that God wanted me to do, a feeling that I'm on some type of little mission, something to do with freedom of the Negro in America. I used to go out and try to get served in white places. In the hot summertime I'd go in an open door for a glass of juice and they'd say, 'Can't serve you.' I went in one place and asked to be served, and the waiter told the boss, 'He's the Olympic champion,' and the boss said, 'I don't give a

damn who he is. Get him out of here!'"

In his earlier days as a traveling amateur boxer under Patrolman Joe Martin, Clay had handled the eating problem differently, although the same burning pride was motivating him. Martin recalls, "On our tours we'd go into places where he wasn't allowed to eat, and they'd tell him to leave. And he would take it very graciously. He'd just say, 'Well, I'll wait outside, Mr. Martin, and you can bring me sumpin' when you come out.' Never one time did he get hostile. He's a firm believer if you don't want to associate with him, why, that's fine. I mean, it don't hurt his feelings."

Once Clay and a reporter ordered root beers at a drive-in on a hot day. The white reporter was served in a frosted mug and Clay in a paper cup, and Clay did not show the slightest reaction. In subsequent years, however, he has referred to the incident many times.

Mystery surrounds the exact time in his life that Clay, no doubt prompted by similar rebuffs at the hands of whites and influenced by his father's harsh preachments, became a full-fledged practicing Black Muslim. According to Clay himself, he first heard the truth and saw the light at a Muslim meeting in Miami or New York or Chicago when he was 18. He has given three different versions of his first indoctrination meeting, and the skeptic might be tempted to discard them all and go back to a statement made by Aunt Mary. "He was brainwashed just like the Communists worked on our turncoats, and it started a long time ago when he was 16. He came back from the Golden Gloves in Chicago, and he had a Black Muslim photograph record with him, and he used to play it over and over and over again. They had that boy hypnotized. He'd look at you funny, and I'd say to myself, 'They musta fed him something before he came back this way.'"

As long ago as 1962 the Louisville Sponsoring Group was aware that the Black Muslims were romancing Clay, but the group's position was that religious matters were private. "One of our first inklings came from the Louisville chapter of the N.A.A.C.P.," says a spokesman. "Clay had made some public statements about protest demonstrations to the effect that he didn't want dogs bring him, he wasn't a politician.

The N.A.A.C.P. didn't like the sound of this, and they met with us. But we'd already begun to suspect. Rudy was converted before Cassius, and he'd sit at our meetings with his arms folded, eyes looking straight ahead and never say a word. We knew something was going on."

Odessa Grady Clay has the friendliest of feelings toward the 11 wealthy men of the Louisville Sponsoring Group, but she charges them with one error of judgment when they failed to shield her son from the Muslims. "The big mistake was when they sent him to train at Miami all by himself," says Mrs. Clay. "That's when the Muslims got him. That's how Sam [Saxon] got him. He was in Cassius' room every night, brainwashing him. If somebody'd been with Cassius, they'd never have got to him."

"It was Clay's father who laid the groundwork for the boy's becoming a Muslim," says Lawyer Gordon Davidson. "The father didn't even know about the Muslims when he was putting all those ideas into Clay's head. The great portion of the Muslim philosophy is shared by the great majority of Negroes, 60%, anyway. Things like the desire to have pride in their race, the idea that they're black men and not just ex-slaves and Negroes. And when the father talked about things like this he created the base for Cassius to do something he never could foresee. The irony is fantastic—the father spouting all of this and the Muslims capitalizing on it."

"And now Cassius' father says he hates the Muslims," says the fighter's aunt, Mary Clay Turner, "but if he'd have hated 'em at first he coulda led Cassius right out. Instead, he kept trying to lead Cassius and me and everybody else right into that kind of thinking. He leaned toward Muslim thinking, even though he never would try to be one himself."

To the impartial observer of Clay's history, it is difficult to see how any measure short of incarceration could have kept the young fighter out of the Black Muslim movement. It was not a case of the religion seeking out the man. Christianity could not satisfy a mystical, unsettled Negro youth who was weaned on stories about lynching and rape and the lying, deceitful white man, plus the moon and the stars and the flickering mysteries of the East.

"He was an absolutely perfect prospect for the Black Muslims," says William Faversham, the member of the

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"...15 clubs, if you count Crosby's foot mashie."

Billy's handicap stars in "Bob Hope Presents" every Wednesday at 9:00 P.M. (EST) on NBC-TV.



HOPE: I should have known better! I do the decent thing—I give Crosby a return match—and he does this to me!

CASPER: Bing played 18 holes with 14 clubs just like you did, Bob.

HOPE: ... 15 clubs, if you count Crosby's foot mashie.

CASPER: The way I saw it, Bing stayed strictly within the rules.

HOPE: What rules... the NFL? Honest, I thought we were playing against Lou Groza. If Crosby could sing as well as he can kick, he'd be at the Metropolitan Opera.

CASPER: You're making too much of this, Bob. You'll have everybody thinking you're a sore loser.

HOPE: But I don't like being kicked to death... and another thing, did you check the addition on Crosby's scorecard?

CASPER: No, why?

HOPE: All I can say is that if Bing adds up his Income Tax the same way he adds up his golf score, he's due for a long rest cure in Leavenworth.

CASPER: At the golf club?

HOPE: No, at the penitentiary.

CASPER: Well, you won't feel cooped up in that Munsingwear Grand Slam golf shirt style 2833.

HOPE: At least you got *that* number right, even if Crosby's golf score threw you. And it's comfortable as well as stylish.

CASPER: That "Texspand" stretch fabric does a lot even for *our* frame, Bob. But I thought I'd go "Wall Street" in this style 2806 today. This Antron® Nylon and cotton fabric and the pin stripes really make me feel like a broker! Will you get another chance to get even, Bob?

HOPE: Yes, Billy Bobby Nichols and I will butt heads with Fagin Crosby and Dow Finsterwald.

CASPER: Should be fun to watch. Think you can take 'em?

HOPE: All I've got to do is put a set of leg irons on Father so he doesn't go for any more field goals out of the sand.

CASPER: ... and people tell me what a great life I've got as a golf pro!

Bob plays 'em in style No. 2833—\$6.00

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Style No. 400—\$1.50

"Hope's lower lip hung down so far it looked like a red cravat!"

Tommy's caddy (the fellow on the right) stars in the new 20th Century-Fox release "Stagecoach".

CROSBY: Did you get a look at ol' Ski Snoot when we toted up the score? Hope's lower lip hung down so far it looked like a red cravat!

JACOBS: Bob did take it pretty hard today. I never saw a guy have so much trouble.

CROSBY: That's his regular game, Tommy. Robert plays the only golf balls in the world that are magnetized for sand.

JACOBS: OK, Bing, but how about all the time he spent in the woods?

CROSBY: He says it's cooler there than on the fairway; but I have heard that a lot of his fan mail these days comes from squirrels and chipmunks.

JACOBS: Well he's a cinch to get better. He sure couldn't get any worse!

CROSBY: Bob's sure a gift to the guys who play against him. I think he's the sole support of two or three members here. He got tapped for a little extra Income Tax last year and they sent "get well" cards to his bank!

JACOBS: A real pigeon, huh?

CROSBY: None finer... and speaking of fine, your plumage is on the handsome side today, partner.

JACOBS: Thanks, Bing. I do kinda' favor this Munsingwear Grand Slam golf shirt style 2870. It's Vycron® and cotton mesh knit. And it's so cool I feel like I just stepped on the first tee.

CROSBY: You're the picture of a successful pro, Tommy, and that Munsingwear styling really turns heads.

JACOBS: I think you're just saying that because you're wearing a style No. 2870 yourself, Bing. But I do appreciate Munsingwear's attention to detail... and that patented action gusset means smooth action all the way through my swing.

CROSBY: True, true, Thomas.

JACOBS: Going to give Bob a return bout, Bing?

CROSBY: Yes, Tommy. Dow Finsterwald and I will give a few pointers to The Great Profile and Bobby Nichols. It should be a new milestone in golf.

JACOBS: No wonder mother wanted me to study the violin!

Bing and Tommy are both fairway fashion plates in style No. 2870—\$5.00

Bing and Tommy swing in

Vycron®
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Style No. 2870—\$5.00



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This high-speed flexing causes the tire to build up a tremendous amount of heat (which, by the way, is one of the chief causes of tire failure).

The object of this test was to see if the Tiger Paw™ could withstand the

intense heat for a grueling 500 miles.

So, away we went.
100 . . . 200 . . . 300 . . . 400 . . . 500 miles.

The outcome: not a single failure. Quite an accomplishment for a street tire. But then, the Tiger Paw is quite a street tire.

In fact, in competitive tests, the Tiger Paw:

- (1) Out-accelerated the other leading high-performance street tires.
- (2) Cornered better on wet roads than they did.
- (3) Stopped shorter on wet roads than they did.
- (4) Cornered better on dry roads

than all the other tires except one (and that one just tied with it).

Want to find out more about these tests? Want the exact facts and figures?

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U.S. ROYAL U.S. ROYAL

Sponsoring Group who was closest to Clay during the early professional years. "He's a boy for whom this sort of *Alire in Wonderland* religion would hold an appeal. He's a mystic himself."

One can imagine how the Black Muslim penchant for prognostication must have hit the ears of the young Clay, who had lived on prophecies for years ("I will be the world heavyweight champion") and who was the son of a man who lived on prophecies ("And I'll have a factory called Clay's Enterprises, and I'll employ all my relatives").

"You have to understand the role of prophecy," explains a Louisville schoolteacher, himself a Negro. "If you can't stand the world you live in, and you can't change it, you've got to believe in magic, in predictions. That's Cassius when he was growing up, living with that wild father and all that crazy talk around the house. You've got to believe that things are gonna change. So predictions have a great charm and appeal. 'Next year the white man's gonna lose his power—1966'll be a bad year for the white man.' That's great news to some people dumb enough to believe it. Believing in predictions is a way of warding off evil in the present when you can't ward it off any other way. You can bear living miserable if you accept a prediction that tomorrow will be better. That's why you get so much predicting and prophecy in the Negro churches. That's why you get so much predicting and prophecy from Cassius Clay, too."

Young Clay has always been obsessed by prophecy, and Elijah Muhammad has not failed to satisfy his appetite. "Look what he says here," Cassius said one morning, pointing to a chapter title in *Message to the Blackman*: AMERICA IS FALLING: HER DOWN IS SEALED. "He teaches that before the year's over all Negroes in America are gonna be Muslims, and he don't hide it. And the press can tell by the end of the year if he was right. And he says that things are getting close to the fulfillment of the Bible, where the Bible says you can tell when the end of time is coming because there will be wars and rumors of wars, men flying like a bird, horseless carriages, buildings being torn down like mad. . . ."

("See, I read my Bible," the fighter's father had said a few days earlier, "and we right on the time for Judgment Day now. St. John asked God how will we know when it's the time, and God said

people will be riding horseless carriages, people'll be flying like birds, and there'll be more tearing down and destroying and building up than ever before. Am I right? Ummm.")

Now that relations with Cassius the elder have almost come to an end, young Cassius has installed Elijah Muhammad in a parental role in his life. Clay's fidelity to the wispy little Muslim leader, like most of his personality traits, appears to be part real and part pretense or self-deception. One afternoon he told how Elijah Muhammad, like an angry father, had taken his driver's license away.

"Muhammadain't playing, man!" Cassius said. "He makes you live clean and righteous. When he catch you, boy, you caught! I can't drive no more, I got to have a driver I had that police trouble about my driving, those tickets, and Muhammad say he don't want to read about me in no more trouble. So he said, 'You just quit driving!' and I had to quit. He's that powerful! Anything he say, we do, man! The whole country's scared of him." Cassius forgot that minutes before he had arrived at the interview behind the wheel of his big black Cadillac.

The Muslim hierarchy is indulgent toward the champion in such matters and, in general, treats him like a rich uncle with a heart condition. Thus he is not punished for occasional violations of Elijah's specific orders or for minor offenses that might get another member ostracized for as long as five years.

The champion may buddy up to one or another of Elijah's trusted lieutenants, but his ultimate allegiance is to the big boss and to the philosophy that has spilled out in the three decades since Allah appeared to Elijah on the streets of Detroit. Anyone who falls out with Muhammad falls out with Cassius, as the late Malcolm X quickly learned. Malcolm broke with Muhammad over some of the leader's sexual habits, and immediately Malcolm found that Cassius was no longer his best disciple. The last time they saw each other was on Cassius's arrival in Ghana for a triumphant swing through Africa. The next day Clay told Herbert Muhammad, the leader's son, that he had seen Malcolm in his robes "and he didn't look very responsible to me, dressed in that funny white robe and wearing a beard and walking with that cane that looked

like a prophet's stick. Man, he's gone! He's gone so far out, he's out completely. Nobody listens to that Malcolm anymore." So much for friendship.

Despite a certain air of capriciousness, which creeps into almost everything Clay does, he seems to be in earnest about his religion. Asking him the simplest question about the Black Muslims, or the Nation of Islam, as they prefer to be known, can be an exhausting process unless one has time to spare. On a recent television discussion program, someone made the mistake of asking Clay the significance of the name Muhammad Ali. The answer was in a language baseball fans recognize as Stenches, and it went on almost interminably, extolling Elijah Muhammad, who had named Clay after the first Lister fight. At the very end Clay did offer that the name Muhammad means one who is worthy of praises and that Ali means the most high. "Clay," he said, "only meant dirt with no ingredients."

A few minutes later he was launched on another sales talk about his leader. "I want to be a Muslim because the honorable Elijah Muhammad is the onliest man who has black people sticking together, not hugging, not on their hands and knees, forcing themselves on people that don't want him. Elijah's the onliest man that have following, teaching the so-called Negroes unity among their own, mainly respect of the black woman, which she has never gotten from 400 years out of black men. He is the onliest man teaching us the knowledge of our true language. This is Arabic. He is the onliest man teaching us the knowledge of our history, our culture. . . . He's the onliest man who is connecting us with all of the people in Africa, Asia, Egypt . . . Pakistan, who has never recognized American Negroes. And he is the onliest man who have followers that the white Americans really respect."

Cassius professes to believe without reservation in Muhammad, even in the outermost reaches of the leader's message. To Clay the dietary prohibitions of the Islamic religion, as spelled out by Elijah Muhammad, have the force of Divine Law (even though he sometimes honors them in the breach). "Our beatus are crushed and mashed and cooked. We eat only whole wheat bread and whole wheat muffins. Cabbages and grains and green beans are cooked without fattennings and pork. We don't eat

(continued)

any sweet potatoes, because they're not good for the digestive system. We eat squash cooked like sweet potatoes. We don't eat lima beans and collard greens; these are hard, animal foods. We don't eat shrimp, catfish, crabs, lobsters, all swine of the sea, and we don't eat garbage-eaters like the hog on the land and the buzzard in the sky. We have a knowledge of these things, and once we start eating Egyptian cooked rice and Arabian baked string beans, carrot pies, squash pies, buttermilk pies, we're not at home with what you whites eat."

He was asked how it happened that some Black Muslim dietary rules conflicted with those of the world's 750 million Moslems, with whom the Black Muslims claim a spiritual kinship. "Well, Allah taught our leader more than he taught those African Moslems," Clay explained. "The African Moslems aren't as wise as us. The proof is all the African leaders have white wives, or a lot of 'em do. They're not as wise as us."

Like a child who has learned his catechism, Cassius has all the answers. Do the Muslims teach hate? "In a way, we do. But are we wrong to hate the murders and the unjust treatment that we're getting? Sure, we hate that. But we're righteous people. We rely on Allah, and we don't bother nobody." What about Elijah Muhammad's constant refrain that all white men are devils? "Elijah Muhammad teaches us that he didn't know about that himself till 35, 40 years ago when God, in the person of Master Wallace Fard, came to America and taught Elijah Muhammad. And Elijah Muhammad teaches us that this is just the truth that God taught him. And if God taught him that all white men are devils, we have to believe it."

Until the religious issue all but severed relations between them, the Clays Jr. and Sr. used to engage in wild arguments about such matters. "The Muslims know I could bring him back to the church," the father says with sublime faith in his own rhetoric. "Cause I drilled him. I drilled him hard!"

Another who argued theology with young Clay was his plump, spoken aunt, Mary Clay Turner. "He'd pick certain things out of the Bible to prove his points," Aunt Mary recalls, "and I'd say to him, 'Well, why don't you read something else in this Good Book beside those things you have underlined? You read on this page and then you flip

ahead 50 pages for your next point and then maybe 100 more and you point to something else.' I said, 'Read the whole thing! Don't let nobody dictate to you and tell you what to read!'"

"I been over these things with Cassius so often, but now I give up. I don't even say nothing anymore. Why, you have to be almost totally illiterate to be sold that Muslim bill of goods! Cassius is about the cleanest thing in the whole confounded Muslim organization. All the rest of them have scars and smears on their names. If they haven't once been hustlers, well, they're hustling now! If they haven't been robbers, they're robbing now! Practically every one of 'em's been in prison. Cassius falls for all that business about no drinking and no smoking, but he doesn't know they drink behind the doors and cuss and whip their mamas. And they'd kill you just as quick as they'd kill me, and don't you forget it!" Aunt Mary talks like someone who has abandoned all hope for her nephew.

The liaison between the "clean and sparkling" Cassius Clay and a pack of paranoid toughs must go down as one of the shining paradoxes in a paradox-rife career. But the Black Muslims are themselves one huge paradox. They profess to be nonviolent, especially about wars, but their textbooks reek of violence. They forbid the carrying of weapons, but they have perpetrated at least one bloody assassination and more than one assault and battery. They reckon adultery one of the two worst sins, but their leader has been the subject of paternity suits brought by his teen-age "secretaries" and has been accused of fathering eight children out of wedlock.

And not the least of the Black Muslims' long list of contradictions is their acceptance of the heavyweight champion and their bestowal upon him of the superholo name, Muhammad Ali. As Elijah Muhammad writes in his textbook of Muslimism, *Message to the Blackman*, sport is at the root of all evil.

America, more than any other country, offers our people opportunities to engage in sports and play, which cause delinquency, murder, theft and other forms of wicked and immoral crimes. This is due to this country's display of filthy temptations in this world of sport and play. . . . From dope to knives and guns,

this evil is practiced under Christianity. The poor so-called Negroes are the worst victims in this world of sport and play because they are trying to learn the white man's games of civilization.

How does a religion that regards sport as a "filthy temptation" manage to embrace the world's best-known athlete figure? Elijah Muhammad does not deign to answer such rude questions. Like his disciple, Cassius Clay, he does not make conversation; he makes pronouncements. Clay himself has offered this explanation of his acceptance in the inner circles of the Nation of Islam: "When I first became a member I was already an established ranked pro. And this is the onliest way I have of making my livelihood. And some of our leaders mentioned that it would be bad for the public to be able to say that my religion caused me to be financially hurt and stopped from boxing."

The Muslims soon went a step beyond this kindly tolerance. Herbert Muhammad became Clay's business manager. "I can't do nothing without Herbert's O.K.," Cassius began telling business associates. "See Herbert. He'll tell you yes or no." Main Bout, Inc., was formed to handle Clay's theater-TV rights, the biggest slice of the fight melon, with Herbert Muhammad as president and John Ali, national Muslim secretary, as treasurer. Much of the stock was held either by Black Muslims or by such defiant anti-whites as Cleveland Brown Fullback Jim Brown. On the face of it, the move appeared irreconcilable with Elijah Muhammad's philosophy about sport.

"The truth is that the Black Muslim religion is about the most bendable religion in the world," says a relative of young Clay. "When they have got to choose between accounts receivable and the Scriptures, they vote for accounts receivable every time. They thought sports was a mortal sin till Cassius came along. Now they're all running around in jockstraps. They act like Cassius is St. John or St. Luke or somebody, but according to the Muslim beliefs he ain't even a very good Muslim! Sometimes he talks foul, which is against their religion. He eats more than once a day, which is against their religion, and he makes his living from sport. Shame! Shame! They're getting a lot of mileage out of him now, but they'll drop him like a hot potato when he's outlived his usefulness

to them. Cassius is too dumb to know that."

"There's only one reason why they don't throw him out," says the champion's mother. "They want him for his money and his popularity."

"That is correct," says Cassius Sr. "Muhammad using my boy and all the other people he's got. He preaches the whites are no good. Unnnnn. You take me, I know a lot of bad things the white man's doing, but I know a lot of good things he's doing, too. Now listen now! Unnnnn. Muhammad says the white man does all bad, and he's got the solution—a separate land for Negroes. Like Marcus Garvey back in the '20s and his 'Back to Africa' campaign. That corresponded to the Black Muslims. It had the same motive: money. It's something that'll never come true, never gonna happen, it's impossible. Why don't these Muslims go down to Mississippi and fight? Now, Martin Luther King went down there and faced those people, and the Muslims tried to give him sand, didn't they? How can you give a man like Martin Luther King sand? Why he did something I wouldn't do? I wouldn't face those people down there, would you?"

Early in 1964, before Clay won the championship, the father began to realize what was happening to his sons, Cassius and Randolph, and he was distraught. "They've ruined my two boys," he said. That was when Cassius was 22. Now, at 24, Clay appears firmer than ever in his beliefs and further away from his parents and relatives. "We Muslims don't want to break down the doors of a white man's restaurant," he said not long ago. "I don't want a milk shake in a white store, because they'll spit in my milk shake and mix it up, and I won't see it because I can't see spit in a milk shake. So I won't feel comfortable. I want to go in my own restaurant where my own beautiful women are there. I can speak the language I speak. I can play the jukebox and play James Brown, Sam Cooke, the Miracles, the Supremes, the Byrds and the kind of music I like. If I see a girl I want to wink at, I don't have to worry about getting strung up to a tree or causing all kinds of race trouble. So I just want to be with my own. I'm no longer a Negro, I'm no longer a slave. I am with myself and with my own kind. So therefore I get along with you better, because now I know what you're like, and I know who I am."

This speech so excites Clay that he begins to sound like a tent-show evangelist ending his sermon on a peak of emotion and histrionics. I was impressed the first time I heard it. Here was bedrock sincerity, the man's soul bared, a searing look at the true Cassius and his pride and his fears. But after I had heard him make more or less the same speech three or four times, I began to wonder if it was bedrock Clay or something he was trying to drum into himself, a lesson he had learned at the feet of the master. Then I began to notice that he had a package of these set speeches and he kept coming back to them, like a man whose whole philosophical outlook is poised on three legs, and if one breaks, all break.

He preaches the sermon that I came to call "Lions Stay with Lions and Tigers with Tigers," another entitled "Twenty-two Million Poor Humble Negroes Who Faithfully Served for 310 Years" and a particularly fiery one called "Back Home in Louisville with the Olympic Gold Medal." When he takes off on one of these virtuoso performances, no one bothers to interrupt. His voice rises and falls, Holy Roller style. Veins stick out on his neck, his volume and tempo increase rapidly, and he races on to his conclusion like a runaway truck. And then the speech is over, and the coolest cat in the room is Cassius Clay, his person turned off like a cold-water faucet. The whole experience is like being backstage for the last scene of *Hamlet*. The audience is gasping, everybody but the prompter is getting skittered and blood is flowing freely. And all at once the curtain is down and the cast is lighting cigarettes and sending out for pizza.

This ability to switch instantly from violent exaltation to complete equanimity has puzzled many of the men around Cassius Clay, including several physicians. Minutes after his most vivid performances, the fighter is likely to be found stretched on a sofa, relaxed and calm, asking his friends, "How'd I do? How'd I do?" This is the consuming question of his life.

NEXT WEEK

Concluding his five-part series on Cassius Clay, Jack Olsen examines the champ's shaky finances and his uncertain future.



dashing
different
on
every man



BLACK WATCH

The Masculine Scent
By PRINCE MATCHABELLI

Everything is just fine with Octave Blake, one of those elder statesmen of harness racing who are pointed to with pride by track press agents as "images" of the grand old days when the sport was pure sport and didn't make any money.

White-haired Ock Blake (nobody calls him Octave) is everything an image should be. Physically, he is as slight as when he was Princeton's 150-pound quarterback back in 1914 and 1915. In other ways, he stands tall with a distinguished career in business behind him and a proud record of racing horses that have won The Hambletonian, the Little Brown

Jug and a score of other big stakes while carrying the blue-and-gold colors of Newport Stock Farm, founded by his father at the turn of the century.

Everything is just fine. Ock Blake has just passed his 71st birthday in good health and high spirits. He recently celebrated the anniversary of his marriage to Joan Johnston, whose six children by a previous marriage could not delight him more if they were his very own. He is enjoying his first year of retirement from the presidency of the Cornell-Dubilier Electric Corporation, the multimillion-dollar electronics manufacturing firm that he continues to serve as consultant

He is rounding out his 19th year as president of harness racing's Grand Circuit and is described by E. Roland Harriman, another great "image," as the most energetic president the Circuit ever had. He continues to have a hand in a bottled-water company in New York, a business in which his father, I. O. (for Israel Octave) Blake, built part of the fortune that enabled him to indulge a rich man's fancy for old-time harness racing and to found the Newport stable at Newport, Vt.

Relieved of his more pressing business obligations, Ock Blake does not now require Cornell-Dubilier's DC-3, but he has a six-place, twin-engine Beechcraft to fly him to Grand Circuit meetings from coast to coast as well as to his home in Pinehurst, N.C., his summer place in Canada and his penthouse in Pompano Beach, Fla., where he makes his headquarters during the 109-day meeting at Pompano Park. It is possible that Ock Blake could fly the Beechcraft himself if he wanted to, for he was a Navy flyer in World War I, just as he could (as a licensed owner-driver) work horses in the mornings. But Ock leaves the flying to a young pilot and the training of horses to Del Cameron.

continued

THE MAN IN THE 100,000-MILE SUIT

No one questions Octave Blake's distinguished service to trotting, but how old is that famous gabardine? by **GERALD HOLLAND**



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(squiggle)



GULF OIL CORPORATION

Even so, Ock Blake does a lot of flitting about for a man who has theoretically retired, and friends who have not seen him recently will want a report on the state of his tan gabardine suit. As observed along the rail at Pompano Park's training track this spring, it appeared to be in splendid condition. In fact, it looked like it might have at least another 100,000 miles in it. (Frances Van Lempe of Castleton Farm dubbed it the "100,000-mile suit.") It seems as resistant as ever to cigarette ashes, coffee and gravy stains, ice-cream-cone drippings and the dust kicked up by the trotters and pacers at the morning workouts.

Ock Blake's tan gabardine is the most famous suit in harness racing. There are all sorts of theories about it. There are people who profess to believe that he bought it sometime after his graduation from Princeton and has been wearing it ever since. Others scoff at that idea and declare that the tan gabardine Ock wore in the 1920s had a belt in the back. Today's suit has no belt. Phil Pines, director of the Hall of Fame of the Trotter in Goshen, N.Y., is convinced that the current suit is the same he painted in oils after Blake's Newport Dream won The Hambletonian in 1954. Furthermore, Pines is willing to go on record as stating that the suit was then at least 10 years old. Pines feels very strongly about the suit. He has urged Ock Blake to donate it to the Hall of Fame so it may hang there with the Newport colors.

Del Cameron, who drove Newport Dream to victory in the 1954 Hambletonian (as well as Egyptian Candor for Mrs. Stanley Dancer last year), said recently at the Newport stables in Pinehurst that he knows for a fact there are at least half a dozen identical gabardine suits—all complete with vests—which Ock Blake wears winter and summer. The vest is an important detail, because it adds pockets and enables Ock Blake to store an amazing variety of pencils, scraps of paper, buttons, cigarette holders and lighters, stopwatches, speculacces, an unfailing supply of Viceroy's and more miscellaneous gimmicks and gadgets than the Man from U.N.C.L.E. can produce in a tight spot.

E. Roland Harriman, seated in his office at Brown Brothers Harriman in New York, skirted the question of the suit with the skill you would expect from one of the most celebrated investment bankers in Wall Street. He appeared to be

thinking hard for a moment before he said, finally: "Let me say that Ock Blake always stays with us when he is in Goshen. Now, he always has a tan gabardine suit with him. Whether he has more than one, I would not want to say. I will say this. Ock Blake has a blue suit. Quote me on that. When he married Joan, she insisted he buy one for the wedding."

Harriman chuckled. "That reminds me of something. Before the wedding Ock paid me a visit. When he was leaving, he gave me an envelope for Wood, our butler, and asked me to express his thanks for the nice things Wood had done for him. I delivered the message to Wood. He said, 'Mr. Blake is a very fine gentleman and I enjoyed being of service to him. I like to take good care of elderly people.'"

Harriman threw back his head and laughed. "Wood suddenly mumbled some apology and bowed out of the room. Apparently he had just realized two things. One was that 'elderly' Ock Blake was a bridegroom-to-be. The other thing was that Ock and I are exactly the same age."

Norman Woolworth, owner of Clearview Stables and partner with his longtime friend David Johnston in Stoner Creek Stud at Lexington, Ky., looked genuinely shocked when a dispatch from Lexington was placed before him on his desk at his Madison Avenue offices in New York. The dispatch read: **REPORT HERE WOOLWORTH AND JOHNSTON USED BLAKE HOME IN PINEHURST ONE WINTER FEW YEARS AGO AND BUMBLED THROUGH CLOSETS COUNTING GABARDINE SUITS.**

"What a horrible thing to say!" exclaimed Woolworth.

"Is it true?" he was asked.

"What is true," said Woolworth, "is that Dave Johnston and I were caught in a 14-inch snowstorm. Every hotel in Pinehurst was filled. We couldn't even get in Howard Johnson's. We couldn't sit out and freeze, so we decided that Ock Blake wouldn't mind if we used his place. We counted on a housekeeper being there, but she was snowbound at her own home. So we broke a pane out of a basement window and climbed in. We were famished, so we went directly to the kitchen and started raiding the ice box. Just as we got started on a cold roast, the phone rang. It was Ock."

Woolworth made a pretense of looking for something in a bottom drawer of

his desk. He came up with a box of Kleenex and gave a first-rate imitation of a man with a sneezing fit.

"What did Ock Blake say?"

"I think," said Woolworth, "he said, 'Who is this? A burglar?' I told him, 'No, Ock. Not in the usual sense of the word. This is Norman Woolworth. Dave Johnston and I are snowbound here and we can't get into a hotel. We broke a window in your place and put a piece of cardboard where the pane was. We want to apologize, but we didn't think you would mind, really.'"

"Was Ock Blake mad?"

Mad?" exclaimed Woolworth. "I never heard a man so obviously touched. He said to me, 'Norman, what you and Dave have done gives me a warm feeling all over. The fact that you felt that you would be welcome at my home under any circumstances is an example of the kind of camaraderie that could only exist between horsemen. Thank you, my dear boy, and if there is an arrest for breaking and entering, don't worry about it. I'll be down to fix it come the spring thaw.'"

"So you didn't go through the clothes closets?"

Again, the look of shock and pain. "Could a man sink so low?" asked Woolworth.

"Will you guess then—just guess—how many tan gabardine suits Ock Blake owns?"

Woolworth smacked his forehead. "Why didn't I think of this before! I got a great idea for you. Do you really, seriously now, want to know how many tan gabardine suits Ock Blake has—or has had?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Then," cried Woolworth, "go ask Ock Blake!"

There seemed to be no other way. But no man can be expected to reveal such personal matters to a perfect stranger. Octave Blake's confidence had to be won.

The campaign began during the closing days of the meeting at Pompano Park. There were dinners in the clubhouse every evening (Mrs. Blake was up North) and meetings at the training track in the mornings. Everything under the sun was discussed—except suits of tan gabardine.

One evening at dinner Ock Blake got

continued

I told the *wiver* about the possibility of bad spills during a race. I got the *wives* to have a talk with their husbands—and it worked."

Someone asked if Ock intended to continue indefinitely as president of the Grand Circuit. "No," said Ock Blake. "I want to retire this year. Wanted to last year, but they persuaded me to stay on."

(That was true enough. But two years ago there was a feeling among some of the Grand Circuit board members that it was time for Ock Blake to step down in favor of a younger man. The members planned their maneuver carefully. They had a plaque made for presentation to Ock at a banquet and counted on the surprise to throw him off balance just long enough for the new nomination to be made. But Ock got wind of the plan, stood up and said he knew all about it. He said also that he had his eye peeled for a worthy young successor but hadn't found one yet. "When I find him," he told the members, "I'll let you know. And now I'll take that plaque from under the table." There was nothing left to do but renominate Ock by acclamation and give him the plaque as well.)

Later in the day, seated in the shade outside one of the stables, Ock Blake greeted another old friend, Riley Couch, starter of many big races before the mobile gate came in. They reminisced for a while.

"Mr. Blake," said Riley, "have you noticed every spring there's a few more of the old faces gone? I'm 74, and an awful lot of my old friends are gone."

"Well," said Ock Blake, "you can't turn back the clock, Riley. But you know the old saying: the best way to live a long time is to select long-lived parents. My father was 89."

"That's a comforting thought to me, Mr. Blake. But say, how do you keep looking so young?"

Ock Blake rummaged in the pockets of his tan gabardine and fished out a cigarette and lighter. He lit the cigarette and puffed for a moment. "Riley," he said, "when I was a boy growing up, I was devoted to my father. I can remember whenever anything was troubling me—or troubling him, for that matter—he'd put his arm around my shoulder and say, 'Son, let's you and me sit down and talk horse.' And we would. Yes, we would, Riley, and before you knew it

we would be laughing away, all troubles banished from our minds. That's been my rule all through life. When the going is rough, put it out of your mind and just talk horse."

"That's a beautiful thought," said Riley Couch. He ran his thumbs up and down under his galluses and said, "Well, I'll mosey around and just take notice of what oldtimers have passed on since last spring. Goodbye, Mr. Blake."

"Goodbye, Riley," said Ock Blake. In the silence that followed, a lighter noise seemed to be indicated and, suddenly, the time seemed just right to bring up the matter of the tan gabardine suit and settle it once and for all. Was there just one gabardine suit? Were there 40? Was the suit he was wearing at this moment the same he had worn for the past 20 or 30 years?

Ock Blake smiled his crooked little smile. He seemed about to speak, but then he apparently thought better of it.

"You know," he said, his eyes twinkling, "people have had an awful lot of fun with this suit. I think it would be a shame to tell them that—" He stopped again. "I think it would be a shame," he continued after a moment, "to tell them anything at all. Let's keep them guessing. Let's just say that when the time comes Phil Pines will get this suit for the Hall of Fame if he wants it."

There was more horse talk, about the great trotters that time and time again have brought Ock Blake the only reward he ever has been interested in: a good race *barely* raced. Ock has never placed a bet in his life. In looking back, he never seemed to be overly sentimental about it all. But his friends remember a scene in the winner's circle at DuQuoin last September, after Del Cameron—Blake's driver—had won The Hambletonian for another owner. There was the usual great excitement, pounding of backs, kissing of cheeks, clapping of hands as the Hambletonian trophy was presented. Almost nobody noticed the little man standing off to one side by himself. Those who did turned quickly away. For, obviously, all the wonderful memories had suddenly become too much for the little man standing all alone.

Tears—big tears—were rolling down his cheeks and falling on the lapels of his tan gabardine suit.

END

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The newly elected president of Dublin's Colmcille Swimming Club is **Siohban McKenna**. That's odd, considering that Siohban is an ex-catholic center-fielder and an actress—not a competitive swimmer. But the 150 members of Colmcille tend to overlook details like that because presidential duties are dimly defined and because Siohban's son, Donnacha O'Dea, is a brilliant 17-year-old swimmer who holds seven Irish records and has won much fame for the club. Nor has anyone forgotten that it was Siohban McKenna who, a few years ago, put on a benefit theater performance in Dublin to fatten the Colmcille coffers.

Though he had lost only three of his 27 professional fights, one-time Olympic light-waterweight boxer Joe Shaw nevertheless departed some months ago of ever getting much further and settled down instead to the bleak but steady-paying job of nightclub bouncer. Now a Joe Shaw comeback is being engineered by a 10-man New York group that is peopled, in part, by such literary-social lights as **Norman Mailer** and **Bruce Jay Friedman**, **George Plimpton** and **Charles Adams**. Says one syndicate man: "The feeling was that while Joe couldn't get the fights he needed, maybe the

publicity connected with his new sponsors will do the trick." Joe Shaw shrugs, but he is now hard at work training for a fight set tentatively for May.

Conductor **Arthur Fiedler** of the Boston Pops hadn't been near a Boston Public Garden swan boat since he was 4. Not without considerable stir, then, did the onetime Coast Guard seaman 2nd return 66 years later to be kicked upstairs as vice-commander of the swan-boat flotilla. Whereupon Fiedler slapped a gold-braided cap over his white hair, piped a high-C whistle (*below*), built up pressure on the bird's bicycle-pedal inner workings and went bubbling off across the waves on a quarter-mile shakedown cruise to usher in spring, his 37th season with the Pops and you name it.

Should his initial gift of a million-dollar to build some indoor tennis courts at the University of Wisconsin not prove sufficient to get the job done, why, says **A. C. Nielsen Sr.**, the TV rater, he'll just have to provide—you know—whatever it does take. When finished Nielsen's tennis building will sprawl across two acres of the campus and will contain 10 tennis courts, five singles squash-racquets courts and one doubles squash-racquets court. A lot of courts,

but you've no idea. Actually, says **A. C.**, the six squash courts, once for once for sweat and strain, provide the recreation of seven tennis courts. And since any one indoor court (calculating the Great Lakes weather factor) is worth 7½ outdoor courts, we have, *roughly*, 42½ courts. It's very important that people have a place to play tennis in the raw. Wisconsin winter, says **Alumnus Nielsen**, the greatest living benefactor the university has ever known. "Otherwise," he says, "people might beat their wives."

A California high school teacher visiting Washington dropped in on Senate Majority Leader **Mike Mansfield** to present a photograph of the 1927 Montana School of Mines football team. Mansfield, who had played end on that team, was specific about his contributions to the Oregidgers' forgettable (Carroll College 66, MSM 6) season: "I was the oldest, slowest, 16th man on the 16-man team."

"I have been reading in the paper," said the letter from Kansas to Baltimore Manager **Hank Bauer**, "that you will come in third. But I pick you to come in first... because of the way you manage. You know just when to take out a pitcher. Also you know how to put big men in the lineup... Tell the team I said they have a good manager. Tell the guys I think they can pound every team. Love, Herman." Bauer's sentimental fan: his 9-year-old son.

Four years ago Nebraska Alumnus **Ted Sorensen** urged District of Columbia's Langston Coleman to hitchhike to Lincoln and try for a football scholarship at his old university. Mission accomplished, the All-Big Eight defensive end wants to help Ted's younger brother, **Philip Sorensen**, in his campaign for governor of Nebraska. Except that whenever the two of them show up somewhere everybody clamors for the football player's attention and autograph. Wonders Coleman:

"Should I tell them it's Mr. Sorensen who is the candidate?"

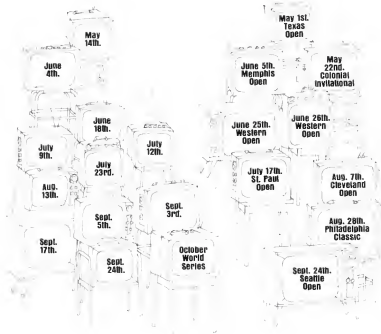
Though **Princess Grace** of Monaco had the better seat in Seville's bullring Tourist **Jackie Kennedy**, across the way, had the official box—down below which **El Cordobés** and two other Spanish matadors bowed elegantly in succession and dedicated their first bulls to her. Then, handing off their headgear for Jackie to hold, the three dispatched their animals, while she dispatched an aide to a nearby Air Force base to fetch three J.F.K. half dollars—which she tucked into the hais and returned.

Wasn't that cowboy coming in from a ride in Alberta (*below*) really **Lord Louis Francis Albert Victor Nicholas Mountbatten**, Admiral of the Fleet and Earl Mountbatten of Burma. K.G., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., O.S.O., P.C. Sure as shooting—but 'all just call him **Dickie**.

"I'm not much of a public speaker," **Rocky Marciano** told a high school audience in a rugged West Virginia steel-mill town. "I don't sing, I don't dance and I don't recite poetry like some of my colleagues." But, said Marciano, "just to prove I'm sociable—I'll fight anyone in the house."



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For a rainy day in Louisville

Of the valid new challengers in the Kentucky Derby field, the most prominent is a son of Native Dancer who will be at his best in mud

Even before the heralded first meeting between Graustark and Abe's Hope in Keeneland's Blue Grass Stakes, the 92nd Kentucky Derby field picked up another half a dozen starters from three areas last week. Two or three of them are legitimate contenders.

Kauai King, Mike Ford's Native Dancer colt, was at his best in the mud at Bowie when he won the \$100,000 Governor's Gold Cup. In taking his sixth victory in eight starts this year—commendable consistency in a year of wild inconsistency among the 3-year-olds—Kauai King skipped the mile and a sixteenth in 1:44. Obviously, if it rains in Louisville on May 7 the off track will not bother him one bit. This is an asset that few other Derby hopefuls can boast of. As he announced plans to ship Kauai King to Kentucky after watching his three-length victory over Stupendous (now definitely out of the Derby), Ford said, "He's as ready for Graustark right now as he'll ever be."

The third horse in the Gold Cup, Richard D. Bokum II's Quanta, was beaten 12 lengths, but Bokum is the sort who wants to see his blue-and-white silks at Churchill Downs at least once in his lifetime. Says Trainer Bernie Bond of Quanta, "Yes, he goes in the Derby, no matter what. That's what the boss wants, and that's what we're going to do."

If there were no surprises at Bowie, they turned up en masse at Aqueduct in the 42nd running of the mile-and-an-eighth Wood Memorial. Most of the 53,764 players and a considerable number of the experts figured the winner would be Ogden Phipps's Impressive or the Ethel Jacobs entry of Exhibitionist and Understanding. What happened was that Impressive ran a dandy seven furlongs, his best distance, and then stopped dead to finish last in the 11-horse field. Understanding never really got untracked and was next-to-last, and

Exhibitionist floundered home a well-beaten fifth.

The winner was Reginald Webster's 9-to-1 shot Amberoid, who was 10th on the backstretch and then flew around his field to beat Ada Rice's Advocate by two lengths. Another nose back was King Ranch's Buffle. The time, on a fast track, was 1:49³/₄, which isn't bad, considering that Amberoid has yet to be mentioned in the same breath with several horses who ran their winning Woods in slower times, namely, Admiral's Voyage, Globemaster, Jewel's Reward. Even Nashua and Native Dancer were slower. Trainer Lucien Laurin is shipping Amberoid to Kentucky this week, and his next start will be in the Derby itself. Speaking of Jockey Bill Boland, Laurin said, "This is the first time Amberoid has been perfectly ridden. He just doesn't want to run the first part of it." Amberoid has a habit of pulling himself up when he gets on the lead. In the Derby he may not be bothered by that problem.

Advocate, although he is winless in seven races this year, will also ship to the Derby, if for no other reason than that Mrs. Rice also owns Lucky Debonair and therefore might be called the defending champion. I thought Buffle, who got into a traffic jam in the stretch, was the best horse in the race and should improve the most. I'm glad that his owner, Bob Kleberg, and his trainer, Max Hirsch, are going to give him a chance at the Derby. They may be very glad they did.

Fleet Shoe, the favorite who finished fifth after he was slow to settle into stride in the California Derby at Golden Gate Fields, is another probable Derby starter. Surprisingly, Tragniew and Postage, who finished a nose apart at the wire, are not going, despite the fact that Tragniew's winning time of 1:47 2/5 was the fastest nine furlongs by any 3-year-old this year.

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A game girl in a man's game

Boston was unprepared for the shapely blonde housewife who came out of the bushes to crush male egos and steal the show from the Japanese

For centuries the city of Boston has lived comfortably with its unchallenged reputation as the Land of Shoddy, but for all its bans and blue laws the town also plays host to one of the most forward-looking sporting festivals in the world, the 70-year-old Boston Marathon. It is about the only major sporting event that anyone can enter—anyone, that is, but a woman. Now, even that last barrier, unofficially at least, has fallen. Last week a tidy-looking and pretty 23-year-old blonde named Roberta Gibb Bingay not only started but also covered the 26-mile, 385-yard course at a clip fast enough to finish ahead of no fewer than 290 of the event's 415 starters. Her remarkable feat all but eclipsed another turned in by an astonishing four-man delegation from Japan that swept the first four places in the race. How jarring an effect Mrs. Bingay's example of feminine endurance had on countless male egos can easily be guessed. But even if she fails to convince a single housewife that she is as capable as her husband of spading up the garden, the performance should do much to phase out the old-fashioned notion that a female is too frail for distance running.

"I was just in it for the fun," says Roberta, who takes her crusading very casually, "but I did want to make people see something different that would shake them up a little bit, may be change some traditional attitudes."

Not that anyone should imagine that the lady simply stepped out on the road at the start of the race in exurban Hopkinton entirely lacking in preparation. Mrs. Bingay, in fact, trains almost as rigorously as any top male distance runner. The daughter of a professor of chemistry at Tufts University, she is from the Boston suburb of Winchester. Even before she married him last February, she used to work out with a Tufts distance runner named William Bingay.

Now the Bingays live in San Diego, where husband Bill is stationed at the naval base. Roberta trains in the hills and on the golf courses around town, two hours a day, seven days a week, with an occasional five-hour tour thrown into the schedule to keep her from getting lazy. Oddly, until last week she had never before run in a race, even for girls only.

"Competition never interested me," she says. "I liked running just as a way of relaxing and of absorbing the beauties of nature."

The idea of running in a marathon first began to tickle Roberta's esthetic fancy only a year ago when she watched the Boston race for the first time. "I liked it," she says. "I saw all those men running along the road, and they seemed like such exotic animals. I began to wonder about what sort of person would run in such a race."

By Gwilym S. Brown



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TRACK & FIELD *continued*

Since she is now living almost 3,000 miles away, finding out at firsthand this year did not occur to Mrs. Bingay until she discovered that the race date coincided with an already scheduled trip back home to visit her parents. A sailor's salary leaves little room in the budget for transcontinental plane fares, so Roberta took the bus. It was a cramped, four-day trip that brought her to Winchester at 6 p.m. Monday night, just 18 hours before the marathon was to begin. She was up early, ate a breakfast of cheese, milk and orange juice and persuaded her mother to drive her out to the starting line. Women are not permitted to enter the race officially, so, wearing a pair of white Bermuda shorts and a hooded blue sweat shirt over a black, one-piece bathing suit, Roberta hid behind bushes in Hopkinton Common and then jumped out to join the huge throng of runners after all the official cars and buses had churned by. Her early pace was slow, but she shed the sweat shirt after three miles and settled into a brok, comfortable stride which she stuck with until the end.

"The pavement hurt my feet a little," Roberta confessed after the race, which she finished in 3 hours, 21 minutes. "Because I'd never run on pavement before, but I was never really tired. The only thing that bothered me was that I felt like I'd eaten too much breakfast."

Her sudden appearance, however, had quite an unsettling effect on most of the runners who saw her in action.

"I was humming *The Girl from Ipanema* to myself, trying to get hopped up with a little rhythm," said a competitor who saw her first about 11 miles into the race. "Then this girl scooted by. I thought I must be hallucinating."

Nothing about the long run surprised Roberta, who never doubted that she, or any other woman for that matter, could easily complete a marathon. "It's silly that there aren't more distance races for women," she says. "They may not be as fast as men, but I think it's been proved many times that they have just as much endurance and stamina."

Roberta Bingay's personal triumph unfortunately took some of the luster from the group triumph of the Japanese, who were truly exceptional. Last year the Boston Marathon was won by Japan's Morio Shigematsu, and his countrymen finished second, third, fifth and sixth behind him. This year none of the

continued

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TRACK & FIELD *continued*

five could even qualify for the trip to Boston. Shigenatsu himself finished ninth in the tryout held last February in Beppu, Japan, even though he bettered his Boston time by 17 seconds.

The Japanese seem as enthusiastic about roadrunning as Australians are about tennis, and they are threatening to build just as powerful a dynasty. All schools from junior high on up include distance running as a compulsory part of the physical-education program. Seventh-graders regularly go out on 2½-mile jaunts, and from the ninth to 12th grades the distance is stepped up to over five miles. Given this as a foundation, it is not surprising that Japan holds approximately 20 major marathons each year or that it goes slightly gaga over its *ekiden*, which are long-distance relay races in which teams cover a distance of up to 375 miles.

There is also an emotional as well as environmental factor involved in Japan's enthusiasm for the grind of the long-distance road race. "The Japanese have strong physical endurance," reports a Tokyo journalist, "but it is based a great deal on strong spiritual fortitude. The marathon is mainly an endurance test with the mental phase playing a greater role near the end of the race when the runner must fight exhaustion. Japanese by nature love a challenge and hate to lose, especially where it concerns their physical endurance."

Since the element of luck plays a distinctly minor role in marathon running, it was not likely that any of this year's Japanese contingent was going to lose the challenge. Judging from their times in the February tryout, Toru Terasawa, 31, Hirokazu Okabe, 24, Kenji Kimihara, 25 (a member of Japan's 1964 Olympic team) and Seichiro Sasaki, a youthful 20, seemed unbeatable. Terasawa had won the Beppu race in 2:14:35, an average of under 5-10 per mile, and all four had finished well under the Boston record set last year by Shigenatsu.

At Boston the Japanese strategy was simplicity itself. "We will run together for 20 miles," said the team's runner-manager, Terasawa, "and then it is every man for himself."

That is just about how it went, though the Japanese stuck together in front of the pack for over 25 miles. The race course heads due east from Hopkinton all the way into midtown Boston, and the runners wrestled with a 15-to-20-mph

Here's how it happened

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head wind the whole way. Until tiring at the end, however, the leaders set new best times at five of the six official checking stations en route. Then, with less than a mile to go, Kimihara, apparently only slightly less tired than the rest, spurred ahead to win by 13 seconds over Sasake in 2:17:11.

For Americans who take their marathoning seriously, some consolation could be found in the showing made by the fifth-place finisher, gray-haired Norm Higgins, a 6-foot-3, 29-year-old native of New London, Conn. who now attends Los Angeles City College. If an athlete pushing 30 can be said to be very promising, then Higgins is that in the marathon. He has been running for 20 years and is a protégé of New London's Johnny Kelley, whose win in 1957 is the only American first at Boston in the last 21 years. For three years now Higgins has been training in California with the Hungarian distance-running wizard, Mihaly Igloi, who also helped put Jim Beatty and Jim Grelle on the world-class map. Being so tall makes Higgins a rarity among the marathon's fast set—only one runner over 6 feet has ever won the Boston Marathon—but his time of 2:18:26 last week was the fastest yet posted by a U.S. runner at Boston. Looking somewhat like an elderly scoutmaster escorting a troop of tiny scouts on a camping trip, Higgins stayed with the Japanese until the halfway point near Wellesley College, fell back a bit, then came on strong toward the end to pull within 15 seconds of Okabe.

"I had trouble getting my tempo at the start," was Higgins' assessment, "but then I began to feel really good. I tried very hard to get a U.S. runner in front of at least one of the Japanese, but I guess they just got a little too far ahead."

Thus there was no surprise to match the one Roberta Bungay provided meet officials, who nevertheless remained quite stubborn about assigning her a place in history.

"Mrs. Bungay did not run in the Boston Marathon," insists Will Cloney, the general manager of the marathon. "She merely coveted the same route as the official race while it was in progress. No girl has ever run in the Boston Marathon," he concluded, remarking a staid New Englander to the last codfish.

Careful, Will. There may be a dozen young ladies crouching in the bushes of Hopkinton Common come the start of next year's race.

END



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Old Mathe uses his old math

Five teams are playing in the World Contract Bridge Team Championship at St. Vincent, Italy this week, but only two are thought to have any real chance of winning. One is our North American team. It is the strongest in the last decade and should have an excellent chance of defeating Italy's famous Blue Team—the defending champions who are out to win their ninth victory before they disband and retire. Thailand, Holland and Venezuela, the new champion of South America, are expected to wage a private battle for third place.

The star of the American squad is 50-year-old Lew Mathe, a graybeard when compared to his partner, Robert Hamman, who is 22 years his junior. Old Mathe, as his teammates disrespectfully call him, brings both imagination and remorseless logic to his bridge, and his presence much enhances the American hopes. Consider this deal, played in the recent Vanderbilt Cup matches. To get the full effect, cover the East-West hands in the diagram below and play along with Lew.

Neither side
vulnerable
South dealer

WEST		NORTH		EAST	
♠ K 6		♠ Q 8 5 3		♠ J 7 4 2	
♥ K Q 10		♥ 6 2		♥ N 5 4	
♦ J 10 9 6 3		♦ N 7 4		♦ K 5 2	
♣ 6 2		♣ A 10 N 4		♣ J 5 3	

WEST		NORTH		EAST	
♠ 10 9		♠ A 10 9		♠ J 7 4 2	
♥ J 9 7 3		♥ A J 9 7 3		♥ N 5 4	
♦ A		♦ A		♦ K 5 2	
♣ K 9 7		♣ K 9 7		♣ J 5 3	

Opening lead, queen of diamonds

Excellent bidding brought the contract to five clubs. It is rare to find a game bid with a four-four fit in a minor suit. But when Mathe showed his club suit before raising spades, it was obvious to Hamman that South held only three-

card support and that the need to ruff diamonds in the South hand would make a spade contract uncomfortable.

The diamond lead was taken by South's ace and declarer led the ace and another heart. West won and continued diamonds. East overtook partner's jack with the king and South ruffed. A heart ruff in dummy established that suit. By this time it was apparent that West had started with three hearts and at least six diamonds, and Mathe had to consider the possibility that the trumps might break viciously. Accordingly, he led dummy's last diamond. East showed out, discarding the two of spades! Mathe ruffed, cashed the king and queen of clubs and when West followed to both leads the count of West's hand was established: seven diamonds, three hearts, at least two clubs. Thus he could not hold more than a singleton spade.

Some more figuring by Mathe took into account several possibilities. If he led a low spade toward dummy and West held the lone king, a diamond continuation would establish East's club jack as the setting trick. If West were void of spades, East could win the trick and continue spades and West would win in the setting trick via a ruff. Mathe elected to lead a good heart and discarded a spade from dummy. East ruffed and was compelled to lead a spade in the end play that Mathe had planned for. If East held the king, the contract was made. But West produced the king. "Oh, no," Mathe moaned. "A singleton king!"

"You couldn't have dropped it," consoled West. "I had it guarded." "Impossible," Mathe said. "You must have had 14 cards: seven diamonds, three hearts, two clubs and two spades."

Finally they sorted it out. East had confused Mathe, and everybody else, when he accidentally failed to follow on the third round of diamonds. Mathe's thorough play exposed the error. The penalty for the revoke was two tricks, so the contract was made with an overtrick instead of going down one.

It was an interesting hand. Now if only the Italians make a few mistakes like that.

END



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Willie Mosconi comes out shooting

After 10 years in retirement the
old champion is as lethal as ever

The man with the gunfighter's gray-green eyes, the banker's head of silver hair and the sharp silk threads was assistent "Watching a billiard game," he said, squinting into the pool of light on the green table before him, "as like going to a wake. Billiards lack the color, the character, the glamour of baseball and football. We need young men." The place was a flyblown ex-supermarket in Burbank, Calif., the occasion the World's Invitational Pocket Billiards Championship and the man was William Joseph Mosconi. He was only partly right.

The game also needed Willie Mosconi, and it got him, in that tournament, with all of his old skills intact. At the age of 52 and after a 10-year absence from the tables, the once and probable future king of straight pool was deadly. Arrayed against him were some of the best sticks in the country: Joe Balsis, the 1965 Billiard Room Proprietors champion from Minersville, Pa.; Cicero Murphy from Brooklyn; Johnny Ervolino, another Brooklynite. Jack Breit, the Houstonian who is called Red Raider; William (Woogie Boone) Station out of Alexandria, Va.; Harold Worst, the tall Grand Rapids stylist; Eddie Taylor (The Bear) from Knoxville, Tenn.; ageless Onofrio Laurs from New York; the hulking Jimmy Moore from Albuquerque and the oldtimer, Irving (Deacon) Crane. Mosconi put together the 56-inch cue he has owned for 20 years and began shooting them down—click, click, click. He won eight consecutive games before losing for the first time (to Murphy). In the end Balsis narrowly defeated him for the championship, but by then Mosconi had stamped himself as

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the best gloom-chaser and wake-breaker to come along since he came along the last time.

Mosconi had spectators standing in the aisles in a building scarcely worthy of its name, the House of Champions. The pool tables rested on a drab carpet, and the crowd watched from garish blue bleachers. A blonde in black velvet pants and sneakers padded up and down through the stands hawking beer to the customers. Overhead the lookout booth once used by the market manager gave the place the feel of a speakeasy, and sheets of green plastic, masking the ceiling lights, swayed drowsily.

No matter. When Mosconi played, the crowd ignored the decor. With an actor's presence, he arrived for each game precisely 15 minutes beforehand, warmed up crisply and began play in the cool, rhythmic style for which he was famous in the almost forgotten days when he and the man he most admired, Ralph Greenleaf, played *mimo à mimo* on transcontinental tours.

Mosconi quit tournament pool in 1956 after suffering a severe stroke. After his recovery, he became a kind of goodwill ambassador for pool for the Brunswick people. He was a technical consultant on the film *The Hustler*, which sent a new generation of young Americans into the pool halls and into the supply houses to clean the racks of pro-style two-piece cues.

Mosconi says he has never been a hustler himself. Except once, he reflected last week, when the New York restaurateur Toots Shor persuaded him to pull a little con on Jackie Gleason (who was later to be a star of *The Hustler*). Posing as a Philadelphia dress manufacturer named Shuman, Mosconi gulled Gleason out of \$100 in their first game and in the second ran 75 balls right-handed and then 75 left-handed to flatten Jackie's ego as well as his wallet.

This was the Mosconi who held the world pocket billiards title every year but two from 1941 to 1956, the Mosconi who, as a child, had sharpened his shooting eye by cueing potatoes with a broomstick when his father temporarily ruled out the real thing.

Why had he come back to competition? "I had a gnawing ambition," he said, "to show these people that I am still the champion. I've been a fighter all my life. This is my game. I had to take a shot at it."

END

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Jim McHugh/AN

CONTINUED

Rising out of the boggy, barren tundra on the east bank of the great Mackenzie River in Canada's Northwest Territories, the little oil town of Norman Wells is as bleak an outpost of civilization as one is likely to find on the North American continent. Owned by Imperial Oil Limited (Esso of Canada), Norman Wells enjoyed a brief boom during World War II, when crude oil from its wells was piped to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, some 400 miles to the west. After the war the town and its 250 residents—mostly oil workers, miners and a few weather-beaten prospectors and trappers—settled back into the lonely stillness of the tundra. For a long time the only visitors passing through this dismal oasis were sport fishermen and an occasional tourist on his way to or from Inuvik, an Eskimo village 200 miles to the north, above the Arctic Circle.

But last fall Norman Wells, remote as it is, began to attract new visitors—big-game hunters who used the town as a jumping-off place for the rugged Mackenzie Mountains to the west. From August until mid-October some 75 hunters, most of them from the U.S., lugging duffel bags, expensive rifles and cameras, flew into Norman Wells from Edmonton. Landing on the dirt runway in a swirl of dust, they paused just long enough to buy cigarettes and whiskey before heading out to a nearby lake, where floatplanes waited to take them into the Mackenzies.

The snowcapped peaks of the Mackenzies, the northernmost cordillera of the Rocky Mountains, thrust up more than 9,000 feet above the tundra and serve as the boundary

between the Northwest Territories and the Yukon. The range covers 75,000 square miles of uninhabited and largely unexplored wilderness—the last frontier for big-game hunting in North America. The hunter who takes his sport lightly can forget about the Mackenzies, for they encompass an area that has remained for centuries in what wildlife biologists refer to as the total wild state. Put another way, it is the kind of wilderness that fights back.

Up to 4,000 feet above sea level there is nothing but miserable bush—rolling tundra covered with a thick carpet of spongy caribou moss out of which grow tangles of buckbrush willows that slap, pull and tear at man and beast. There are great, oozing muskeg bogs into which men sink up to their knees and horses to their bellies. Walking in the bogs is like trying to walk on a sea of marshmallows. Put your weight on a spongy tussock and it gives way under you, sending you crashing into the muck. Only an occasional patch of black spruce, arctic fir and alder, together with a few sparkling lakes and rushing streams, interrupt the endless expanse of tundra that marches monotonously through the valleys and up the mountain slopes.

From June into early September the bush is aswarm with a buzzing scourge of flies—bulldog flies, black flies, sand flies—mosquitoes as big as hornets and several varieties of gnats and no-see-ums. Not surprisingly, few men have penetrated very far into the Mackenzies. For several years fishermen have been flying into the N.W.T. to catch trout, grayling and arctic char, but until last fall the only nonresident big-game hunting was for buffalo on the southern prairies near Fort Smith on the Alberta border. Those hunts were canceled after only three years when an epidemic of anthrax infected the herd in 1961.

But the buffalo hunts, though short-lived, proved that controlled big-game hunting was an industry that would help to bring money to the north country. In 1963 the Department of Northern Affairs authorized Donald Flook, a research supervisor for the Canadian Wildlife Service, to make a flying survey of the Mackenzies with a team of wildlife biologists and outfitters. The group found Dall sheep, grizzly and black bear, moose and caribou throughout the mountains and mountain goats in the southern tier of the range. Even though they learned almost nothing about the available game supply or its movements in the Mackenzies, Flook and his staff recommended that a non-resident season be held during the fall of 1965. "The only way you can tell how much game there is in an area," says Flook, "is after it has been hunted for several years and a record kept on the size, age and sex of the animals shot." Six outfitters were licensed to take hunters into the new area, and each chose a loosely defined section to operate in. The fee per outfitter was \$50, plus a \$10 license for every guide he employed. At the time it seemed to the outfitters like the greatest real-estate bargain since Thomas Jefferson talked Napoleon out of the Louisiana Territory.

But at least one outfitter, Stan Burrell of Sundre, Alberta,



Stan Burrell found the challenge of outfitting in the Mackenzies was more than he had bargained for.

continued



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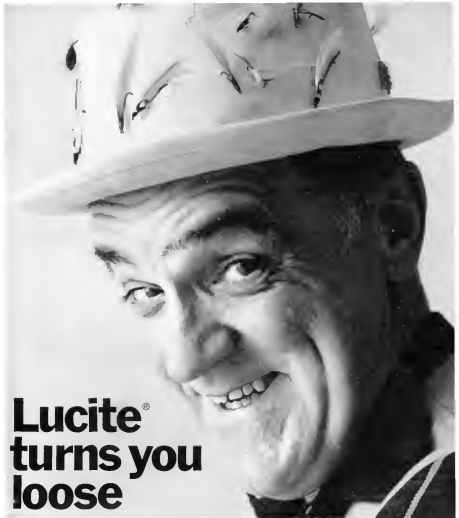
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found that the cost and the physical labor involved in setting up and servicing hunting camps deep in the bush, 150 miles from the nearest outpost—Norman Wells—was far more than he had counted on. A stocky, balding roan of 38 who left school after the eighth grade to work on his father's ranch, Burrell runs the Hungry Horse Ranch in Sundre and has been outfitting in the Alberta Rockies for the past 15 years. In 1959 he invested \$20,000 in the hufalo-outfitting business and almost broke even before the hunting was outlawed. Hungry for a new hunting franchise, Burrell wangled his way onto the first survey of the Mackenzies and in August of 1964 got permission to take four friends into the mountains for an exploratory hunt. The party hunted for 10 days and bagged four good Dall rams, a highly prized blond grizzly and a bull caribou.

"That was all I needed," Burrell recalls. "A famous outfitter once said that he would lend a packtrain to hell if the trophy hunter had that particular horned head in mind. I knew I had to gamble on outfitting in the Mackenzies, even if it meant mortgaging my life away."

And Burrell came close to doing just that. On April 6, 1965 he wrote prophetically in his diary: "Outfitting account way overdrawn again." A month later, with only one \$400 deposit on hand, Burrell decided to put on a crash program to raise more capital. He bought a mailing list from a large U.S. taxidermy firm and sent out 6,000 form letters extolling the area's untapped hunting-and-fishing opportunities. His direct-mail campaign worked, and eventually he booked 28 hunters and collected \$10,000 in deposits. It was not quite enough to make the down payment on a floatplane. Undaunted, Burrell mortgaged his 1,600-acre cattle ranch for \$25,000, put \$11,000 down on a \$21,000 floatplane, rented a wheel plane for \$900 a month and bought 34 pack and saddle horses for \$5,000. On June 23 Burrell and a six-man crew began loading trucks in Sundre for the 1,500-mile trip by highway to Ross River in the Yukon. Into the trucks went horses, 26 riding saddles and 36 pack saddles, horse blankets, ropes and harnesses, pack boxes, tin stoves and telescoping stovepipes, A-frame wall tents, dalies, axes and saws, two-way radios, two outboard motors and an inflatable rubber boat, a dismantled wagon with rubber tires, tarpaulins, 300 pounds of horse-shoes and 2,000 pounds of food.

From Ross River, Rex Logan, a neighbor of Burrell's and a licensed Mackenzie outfitter who had agreed to act as guide, plus three wranglers, convoyed the horses and equipment nearly 250 miles through the bush, following the abandoned Canol Road most of the way to Burrell's campsites. On Canadian road maps the stretch of Canol Road between Ross River and Norman Wells is indicated as a dirt road and marked *CLOSED TO TRAFFIC*.

One of the most expensive (\$134 million) and least publicized boondoggles of World War II, the Canol Project, a four-inch pipeline and a dirt-and-gravel service road, was pushed through the bush by civilian construction workers under the orders of the late Lieut. General Brehon B.



Burrell's hunting ground (shaded area) is roughly 5,000 square miles of wilderness. The Canol Road, which runs through it, is used as a landing strip and a pack trail.

Somervell and the U.S. Corps of Army Engineers. The idea was to pipe oil from the wells in the Mackenzie River delta to a refinery at Whitehorse, Y.T., where it would be processed and delivered to U.S. forces in Alaska and Canada.

The project was ill-conceived and ill-fated. Harry Truman's Senate investigating committee called it "inexcusable." At the height of its production, no more oil was put out in a year (one million barrels) than 10 tankers could carry. It was shut down less than a year after it was opened and charged off to the "wastes of war."

The first time Stan Burrell flew over the Canol Road he visualized it not as a path leading nowhere, but as a landing strip and a highway into a hunting frontier. "The only way to get horses into the Mackenzies," says Burrell, "was by the Canol Road, and we would never have made it without Rex Logan." A leather-tough cowboy, Logan thrives on the demands of such an assignment. "He is the only man I know who can conquer the bush with nothing but a pair of wet jeans, a knife and a little bread and tea," says Burrell.

The journey along the Canol Road tested Logan to the extreme. At the very start, as he and his men set out for the bush with the packhorses carrying several tons of supplies, they were confronted by the Pelly River. The horses took one look at the foaming current and refused to budge. The men tried riding them bareback across the river, but the horses turned back the moment the bottom dropped away. Finally the men towed several horses across behind a boat, and the rest followed reluctantly. Sixteen days and several more roaring rivers later, having been bitten by hordes of flies and mosquitoes, soaked by rainstorms and stuck in mud slides, the packtrain struggled into the first campsite, at June Lake in the Mackenzies. Only one horse came up lame and had to be shot. In three days the carcass had been picked clean by grizzlies.

By July 24 Burrell had landed his floatplane in the rock-studded rapids of the Keele River and, with the help of

continued

three of his men who had brought supplies 350 miles upriver from Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie in a skiff powered by three outboards, he started to build his base camp. That night, in a model of understatement, Burrell wrote in his diary: "We are sure heading into a lot of unknowns and sticking out necks."

Burrell had sunk more than \$50,000 into the operation, and Logan had invested another \$10,000. When Burrell greeted his first party of hunters at the dusty airstrip in Norman Wells on August 1 he was painfully aware of the high cost of pioneering. Even with the \$40,000 (including deposits) that he would collect from his hunters, he might well wind up in the hole before he broke camp in mid-October. And his problems were just beginning.

During the two-month hunting season, Burrell cracked up his wheel plane, damaged his floatplane and found that his seven Slavey Indian "guides" from the Mackenzie River region, whom he hired at \$10 a day, did not comprehend trophy hunting. "The Indian," says Rex Logan, "looks at any animal, especially a cow moose or caribou, and says to himself, 'Meat, meat.' He just doesn't care about the horns, and you can't hardly explain it to him."

Most of the Indians were petrified by horses, two-way radios, wolves and grizzlies, and Burrell had to resign himself to the fact that they were only useful working around the camps. At least one Slavey, a mid-brown little man named John Michelle, who wore a Jimmy Cagney tweed cap all day and even to bed at night, had good reason to fear grizzlies. Michelle suffered through an ordeal with a big bear that made the experience of being trailed by a pack of wolves (something that seems to happen to every Indian) seem pallid by comparison.

Left alone at Stan Burrell's June Lake camp one evening, Michelle heard a noise. He peeked out through the tent flap and to his horror saw a grizzly gorging on preservative salt from a five-gallon can, which it had smashed apart. When the bear had eaten the last lump of salt it walked over to the tent, lay down right by the flap and stayed through the night, snoring fitfully. Michelle was armed with an ancient .303 Enfield rifle, but he was afraid to use it; so he cowered inside the tent, stoking the stove and rubbing his eyes to stay awake. The grizzly left at dawn but returned the next night and for three nights after that to rummage around and sleep by the tent until morning. Not daring to anger the beast, Michelle took to opening cans of salt and leaving them out for the bear. When Burrell finally flew into camp with supplies Michelle buried out his story and showed Burrell the bear's footprints and the depression it had made by the tent.

"I knew he was frightened," Burrell said later. "But someone had to get that camp in shape for the hunters. So I just told Michelle that the only reason the grizzly kept coming back was because he *liked* Michelle. I told him not to shoot the bear but to save it for one of the hunters coming in."

The hunters quickly learned that looking for trophies in

the Mackenzie could be an exercise in misery. During August, clouds of insects rose out of the bush to plague them. Those who refused to swallow their pride and wear head nets soon found themselves swallowing insects every time they opened their mouths.

The weather changed so abruptly that many a hunter had his entire wardrobe hanging up to dry in the steaming tents at night. Temperatures dipped as low as 10° at night and then soared to 75° by midmorning. There were showers nearly every day. Unaccountably, hail pelted down out of clear blue skies. An hour later the sky would turn slate gray, and there would be thunder and lightning, followed by a drenching downpour driving down the valleys. The mountains were often wreathed in fog, making it impossible to find game through a spotting scope. While snow fell above 6,500 feet, sleet storms were buffeting the lower slopes and the valleys.

Burrell's guides at first found it difficult to judge distances accurately on the tundra. Deep, winding stream beds and mile-wide muskeg bogs turned what appeared to be an easy two-hour trip into a tortuous four-hour struggle. The long ride back to camp often continued into darkness and became a nightmare. Terrified by the pungent odor of fresh hides, horns and meat, the horses shied at every rock, tree and willow clump and bolted at the sounds and scents of animals moving through the bush.

But somehow the hunters managed to endure such hardships. For two weeks they slogged through tundra, forded rushing streams and puffed up unnamed mountains. Most of them came away exhausted but elated with their hunting success. Burrell, like the India-rubber man, managed to hold his operation together because of its very shapelessness. With what at times seemed a total lack of organization, he changed the plan of attack from day to day and sometimes from hour to hour, like a battalion commander behind the lines. And somehow he managed to finish the first season with his reputation intact. Well, almost.

He did overbook the hunt and, though he managed to get back most of his investment, he did so at the expense of several disgruntled hunters who did not get all they paid for. In the last-minute rush to get men, horses, equipment and trophies out of the bush before the howling arctic blizzards set in late in October, Burrell ruined one hunter's prime grizzly pelt by inadvertently stuffing it into a plastic bag before the Indians had scraped off all the fat and dried the hide thoroughly (the fat ate through the hide and caused gaping bare spots). He also shattered another hunter's hopes of making the Boone and Crockett Club record book by sawing the hunter's huge moose rack in half so it could be loaded into a plane, thus making the trophy ineligible for consideration. Burrell did measure the antlers, and found them one point below the record-book minimum. But the rack was never measured officially.

But most of the hunters who signed up with Burrell were more than satisfied. "These men all took a gamble just coming here," Burrell admits candidly. "This is as rough a

continued

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country as any they will ever encounter. Even after two months we know very little about game movements in these mountains. Figuring in the weather and everything else, you may have to spend three days riding 60 miles just to find a silly caribou. Even so, no one can say that the game isn't here."

The Mackenzies are indeed rich in game. The best time to hunt there is in September. By then the frost has touched the tundra, turning it to a rust red. The sea of willows and alders takes on a rich, golden hue, and the blue caribou berries and cranberries are full and ready to drop. Even the flies and mosquitoes pester only in the midday sun. Everywhere there are crisscrossing game trails beaten into the fragile caribou moss.

Two-thousand-pound Alaska-Yukon moose, the largest animals in North America, roam through the low valleys, fattening up on green willow leaves and aquatic weeds for the rigors of the fall rutting season. By the end of August, when the soft velvet on their antlers begins to rich and burn, the bulls thrash around through the bush, flogging the willows and spruce until the velvet hangs in scraggly, bloody strips. In one long, narrow valley last fall a hunting party of which I was a member counted 17 bull moose. Eleven of them were exceptional trophies, standing 7 feet high at the withers with racks in excess of 60 inches.

For every moose in the Mackenzies there are at least 50 sleek, brown caribou with shiny, white manes and high palmed antlers that rock crazily back and forth as they trot along in their comical high-stepping gait. "Caribou are unpredictable," says Gordon Eastman, a wildlife photographer from Jackson, Wyo., who was making a movie in the Mackenzies. "No caribou is ever sure exactly where he is going. It's a combination of the rutting urge, wolves and just plain old caribou peccadillo. Several times caribou would trot right through our camp, move off 100 yards and then trot right back again."

Predictably, when Burrell's hunters were ready to look for trophy caribou they spent days chasing around after them through the willows and the muskeg. The best caribou head of all was found in the middle of the Eklwi River, where a family of wolves had chased and killed it as the poor beast floundered helplessly in madstream. The antlers were still in velvet, and the wolf pups had chewed on the ends of the soft, spongy tines.

A mature arctic wolf will weigh 160 pounds or more. Combining stealth with incredible endurance and an underling jaw full of long, ripping fangs, it is an efficient killer. Slinking along through the tundra or loping across a mountain slope, it is an elusive target, and few hunters are fortunate enough to bag one.

While wolves are the most elusive trophies in the Mackenzies, the most prized are the pure-white Dall rams and the grizzlies. Their sheer numbers make the sheep far easier to come by. On the mountain slopes above 5,000 feet their trails are cut into the lush, alpine pastures and the frost-shattered slide rock, where the sheep feed on lichens and

tubers, pawing them out of the shale with sharp hooves.

The primary prerequisite of Dall-ram hunting is a lung-bursting climb. This often means traversing a 45° slope covered with slippery, wet caribou moss and lichens, then up a steep coulee, across a rock-studded basin and finally up a nearly vertical slope covered with loose shale. The stalk often takes all day but, with any luck at all, the hunter can eventually get close enough to settle wearily into a prone position, wait until his heart stops pounding and his gun barrel stops wavering and then shoot a ram.

"In primitive country like this," says Gordon Eastman, "the sheep's only real enemy is the wolf and, except in the winter when they come down to scour the low, windswept slopes for food, the sheep can always jump up to the high ledges and crags where the wolves can't get at them. These sheep just don't have to run very far or very often, and they are simply not in the superb condition of a Rocky Mountain bighorn that has been chased around every fall by hunters." To prove his point, Eastman, who was in superb condition from logging 60 pounds of movie equipment up and down mountains, actually "walked down" a Dall ram that should make the record book. Filming a band of 11 rams bedded down in black shale 800 yards away, Eastman suddenly noticed a big ram standing all alone on the point of a ridge. Picking up his rifle, Eastman charged down the steep slope, ran across the basin and puffed up another slope. The ram trotted along the far ridge for several hundred yards, then disappeared over the other side. Ten minutes later Eastman reached the top of the same ridge, dropped onto his belly and shot the ram at 400 yards. "His tongue was actually hanging out when I put the scope on him," Eastman said. "He hadn't run nearly as far as I had, but he was simply exhausted."

Unless they are badly frightened by a fusillade of shots or by a family of wolves bounding up the side of a mountain, Dall rams in the Mackenzies tend to be more curious than careful. Even the grizzlies don't seem to bother the sheep much. Grizzlies prefer to dig for rock squirrels in the alpine basins, or to overturn huge boulders and downed trees with their powerful forearms to get at the succulent tubers and tiny grubs underneath. In the fall the grizzlies hang out in the berry patches, their long pelts rippling like grass in the wind and their chins dripping sweet berry juice. But let them catch the stench of a rotting moose or caribou carcass and they immediately home in on it to file a claim. A grizzly will gorge on a carcass until he is bloated, then cover it with dirt and brush and lie quietly nearby until he is ready to eat again. The hunter who wants a grizzly had enough—and most do—must check every available carcass. He does so knowing that the bear may come roaring out of a thicket and be on him before he can flick off the safety. Nevertheless, Burrell's hunters managed to bag seven grizzlies on carcasses and seven others in berry patches and on gravel bars in the riverbeds.

There are two distinct kinds of grizzlies in the Mackenzies, the mountain grizzly and the Barren Ground grizzly.

Continued

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Of the two, the thickset mountain grizzly, with the typical dish face and the pronounced hump, is the more common. It comes in varying shades of brown, black and, rarely, golden blond. Though not as large as the coastal grizzlies of Alaska and British Columbia, which grow fat on a rich diet of salmon and luxuriant grasses, the Mackenzie mountain grizzly is still an awesome beast, often weighing as much as 800 pounds, with a hide that will square close to eight feet. The smaller Barren Ground, or tundra, grizzly is reddish-brown or bay in color and has a long, sad face much like that of the black bear.

Few hunters will get a really close look at a grizzly during a two-week hunt at the Mackenzies, but if they do they may be content thereafter to watch any others from a mile away through a spotting scope. In one of the many shacks built by road crews along the Canal Road there is a tattered sign that announces in bold, black letters: "This is an Emergency Shelter for Your Protection. Do Not remove

Stan Burrell had no time for ghosts. Whenever the weather permitted he was in the air, dropping supplies to sheep hunters in skeleton tent camps atop mountains, moving hunters from one lakeside camp to another, or flying to his supply cache in Ross River or into Whitehorse for 100-hour checkups and repairs on his planes. Like all experienced bush pilots, Burrell flies with what appears to be recklessness but is really skillful abandon, barreling through narrow mountain passes, over jagged peaks where the wind drafts buffet the small plane and sideslipping into lakes barely long enough to land on. He has, of course, had some narrow escapes, such as this one noted in his diary: "Saw 12 rams today, flew over to look them over, suddenly found myself flying down a blind canyon. Had to do a 180 to get out. Lucky."

As he was flying into the Keefe River camp in his wheel plane one evening, Burrell hit a grapefruit-sized rock on the 1,000-foot gravel-bar landing strip. The plane lurched to



The abandoned trucks along the Canal Road seemed strangely out of place in the otherwise untouched wilds of the Mackenzies.

equipment. Report to next camp any Supplies used up. FAILURE TO DO THIS MAY COST A MAN'S LIFE."

Grizzly bears can't read. They have battered gaping holes in the sides of every shack, pushing their way inside and demolishing everything in sight. There are claw marks on the walls and on the ceilings, which are more than 7 feet high. Hanks of grizzly hair hang from nails on which the bears have rubbed and scratched themselves. One treasured bit of nostalgia in one shack that the bears did not defile is a sheet of plywood on which is penciled a rather well-done, life-size sketch of a nude woman, which the artist labeled "The Al-Can Girl." On the same board are two calendar columns for the month of August 1943. One is headed "To Texas" and the other "From Texas." Whoever was down in Texas—sweetheart, wife or worried mother—had the edge, 24 letters to 22. Outside the shacks, rusty road equipment is scattered about. At night, the rows of derelict trucks, stripped of engines and tires, and the tall telephone poles, their wires frayed and dangling, stretch away into the darkness, a ghostly spectacle made all the more eerie by the roaring silence of the tundra.

one side, skidded along crazily in the gravel and finally came to a shuddering halt, nose down. Burrell had to fly in an engineer from Edmonton with a new prop and a landing gear.

The logistics of bush flying, however, do not begin to compare with those of wrangling horses in the Mackenzies. "A man just can't go out and buy himself a string of mountain-wise pack and saddle horses," Burrell says. "So we had to settle mostly for prairie stock, and this country is tougher on them than it is on us." So scarce was the feed, in fact, that Burrell's horses had to travel for miles on hobbles at night to find little patches of bunch grass to supplement their steady diet of willow leaves. Burrell ruled out air drops of baled hay and oats as too costly, but eventually had to fly in 30-pound blocks of concentrated horse feed at considerable expense. Miraculously he lost only one horse out of his pack string.

The Mackenzies, then, are not for just any hunter, for few will want to put up with a two-week forced march through such a harsh land, with no lodges to return to at night, only a candle to eat by and no ice cubes for the whiskey. "Up

continued



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RUGGED PLACE — continue —

here," says Rex Logan, "a man's got to bend with the bush or be beaten by it."

For the man who can bend there are other rewards besides a sheep head or a grizzly rug. There is the satisfaction of hunting in primitive country with rugged, capable men like the grizzled, 43-year-old Logan. During one 10-day stretch, Logan rarely got to bed before midnight, and he was up every morning before 5 o'clock to chop wood, cook breakfast, round up and saddle the horses and make a lunch for the day's hunt. He was hardly ever dressed in dry clothes. He couldn't be bothered with gloves, even on the bitter mornings when the temperature dipped to 10°. "Gloves," he said, "make my fingers all thumbs." He never wore a head net or insect repellent, even when the flies swarmed around him. One day during the hunt Logan was high up on an unnamed mountain where he was skinning out a Dall ram. He had an hour's journey to make down the mountain to the horses. As Logan stuffed hunks of sheep meat into his pack sack, he confided that he had undergone an intestinal operation several years ago. "Doc told me to take it easy like and not to cowboy it too hard or carry too much on my back. It's slowed me down, all right." A minute later Rex Logan was stepping briskly down the steep shale slope, with 60 pounds of sheep meat on his back and the 50-pound ram's head cradled carefully in his arms.

There is the food—the unforgettable taste of fresh tenderloin of wild sheep (thinly sliced and sautéed gently in butter, it is the most delicately flavored of all wild game), moose stew with dumplings, caribou liver fried in onions and caribou ribs smoked over green willow. The hunter who lives for four days in a spike camp on stale bread, pancakes and refined meat can look forward to fresh, hot gingerbread and raisin pudding back at base camp. He can, when the spirit moves him, catch firm, pink-fleshed lake trout up to 10 pounds from the shore of a lake and take lovely bluish-purple grayling from almost any lake or stream on every cast. When he gets bored with that he can fish the way the Indians do, using hooks baited with juicy mosquitoes, or bacon rind, and a piece of string tied to

the end of a willow branch. He will catch almost as many fish that way as he will with his spinning or fly rod.

There are other rewards. Just getting to Norman Wells from Edmonton via Pacific Western Airlines is one. PWA may have the world's craniest cargo manifest. Going into the bush, they carry everything from refrigerators, eggs and vegetables to baby food and rock 'n' roll records for the Eskimos at Inuvik. They come out again with a cargo hatch full of duffel bags, scarred .30-.30 rifles and yipping husky pups belonging to men who have spent the long, buggy summer in the hush. The man who sits down next to you may be a traveling salesman flying to one of the 40 N.W.T. settlements, or he may be a Slavey Indian going to Yellowknife to see his son play in the N.W.T. Little League championships.

But hunters who spend two weeks in the Mackenzies are more likely to remember other sights and sounds—three wolf pups howling high up on the point of a mountain ridge, the chilling "woof" of a grizzly prowling around the tent at 3 a.m., the pleasure in coaxing a raucous Canada jay or a saucy red squirrel to eat bread out of hand, the sudden whoosh of wings as a cinnamon-colored tundra falcon swoops down to snatch a piece of raw caribou meat from a table outside the cook tent, the long streamers of cold northern lights slanting across the heavens at night.

"This is the last great frontier on the continent, where a man with the time and the money can enjoy hunting in a truly unique primitive area," says Photographer Eastman wistfully. "It is a chance for man to preserve an untouched country, not as a zoo, but as a usable resource, through careful game management and a limited number of hunters."

It is also the last frontier in North America that a man like Stan Burrell can conquer. What compels a young man with three children and a ranch to run to take such a gamble?

"I like the idea of being a pioneer," Burrell says simply. Somehow that does not sound like a cliché. "Sure I could stick to ranching and outfitting in Alberta," he adds. "But hell, I've already done that."

END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

"We can't run, we can't hit, we can't bunt and we can't catch a pop fly," said Boston (2-2) Manager Billy Herman. His only solace came when Dave Morehead and Ken Sanders combined to shut out the Tigers 7-0 and when Jerry Stephenson won 5-3 the next day. Stephenson got assists from Trainer Buddy LeRoux, who provided him with enzyme pills and a portable whirlpool, and from Reliever Dick Radatz. Deep down, though, Stephenson felt it was his hair that helped most. Last winter he let it grow and grow and grow, and even though Herman made him trim it, Stephenson says, *à la* Samson, that "I firmly believe that letting my hair grow helped bring my elbow back into shape." The Red Sox pulled off a triple play, but for the most part played more like Delahans than Samsons. Ken McMullen of Washington (1-4) was hardly hampered at all by a dislocated thumb, thanks to Trainer Tom McKenna, who quickly went to work with a roll of tape. Instead of applying the tape to the thumb, McKenna wound it around the handle of McMullen's bat. McMullen, able to rest his thumb on the tape, swung without pain and hit .333 for the week. But all the tape in the training room could not keep the Senators from making a rash of bad plays, particularly in a 14-8 loss to Baltimore (4-0). Frank Robinson's right shoulder hurt "more than it has in 10 years," and the Oriole outfielder had to relay his throws via the second baseman. The shoulder did not hinder Frank's hitting (7 for 13). And sidekick Brooks Robinson went 7 for 16. The zeuty hitting (.296 team BA and 12 doubles) was complemented by impressive relief pitching (six hits and one earned run in 8½ innings). CLEVELAND (3-0), on timely hits by Fred Whitfield (be-

low) and Vic Divalillo and Ex-relief Pitcher Gary Bell's first complete-game win in four years, remained undefeated. Manager Johnny Keane of New York (0-4) realigned his team by shifting Tom Tresh from left field to third base and Cleve Boyer from third to shortstop. But the Yankee hitting was still flutle, and the club lost four games by a total of five runs. Weak hitting did not bother Catfish Hunter of Kansas City (2-1). The night before he expects to pitch Hunter eats fish. By the time he got to the mound last week, after two rainouts, he was fortified with enough protein to hold off the White Sox 2-1. CALIFORNIA (3-3) lost two of its first three games in its new \$34-million Anaheim playground. Worse, it took an hour one night to get the lights so weak. But from then on, all was well. With home runs by Bobby Knoop and Jack Warner and fine relief work by Bob Lee the Angels beat the Twins twice. With help from Mickey Mouse, Goofy and 3,000 pigeons, the Angels lured 37,221 fans for a Saturday game. Three Detroit (2-3) starters failed to last beyond the second inning, and only a strong relief job by Larry Sherry enabled Denny McLain, who lasted 7½ innings, to pick up a win. MINNESOTA (1-3) Right Fielder Tony Oliva had one fly ball glance off his glove and his him over the eye and another one strike him on the chest. The two errors gave the A's a 3-2 win. Manager Eddie Stanky of Chicago (0-2), one of the game's leading practitioners of Deep Think, was having second thoughts about his own strategy. With Joe Adcock of the Angels up in the 11th inning, with two men on, Stanky had Second Baseman Don Buford play in short center field. Adcock singled in the winning run by pushing the ball right through the spot where Buford would normally have played. What little of

ferse the White Sox mustered centered around Tommy Agee, who hit .400 and scored eight runs, five in one game.

Standings: Cleve 7-0, Balt 6-1, Det 8-4, Chi 6-3, Cal 5-4, Minn 4-5, KC 2-4, Wash 2-3, Bos 2-7, NY 1-9

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Whatever Bobby Bragan, the ATLANTA (6-1) manager wanted, Bobby Bragan got. When he needed help from the bullpen he got it from Clay Carroll, Phil Niekro, Chi Chi Olivo and Billy O'Dell. When he needed the long ball he got a pair of home runs from Joe Torre in one game, two more from Hank Aaron in another. Aaron's second homer was the 400th of his career. And when Bragan needed some luck he got it in the form of a figure-8 bunt by Pitcher Wade Blanton, which landed fair, rolled foul, then curved again fair for a hit. It was the key hit in a 3-1 win against the Phillies. Things were going so well that Denis Menke even turned a strikeout into a win. He argued that a pitch that had been called a foul-tip third strike had actually hit him on the hand and, presto, while the umpire looked on, up popped a telltale bruise mark. Menke went to first, then scored a run in a 5-4 victory over the Mets. The euphoria in which New York (1-5) found itself at the start of the week—the Mets were then in fifth place—ended abruptly. The downfall came about partly because of seven errors and partly because the starting pitchers gave up 22 runs in 25 innings. PHILADELPHIA (1-4) had 17 hits in its lone win, a 9-7 defeat of the Reds, but for the rest of the week the Phillies batted .185. CHICAGO (2-3) traded Pitchers Larry Jackson and Bob Buhl to the Phils and got a quick dividend from one of the three players received in return. Newcomer Ferguson

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Fred Whitfield of the Cleveland Indians speaks in a voice rich with hominy grins, and he struts a lazy gait—an easygoing man if ever there was one. It's just that he has this thing about the Yankees. He can't stop hitting against them. It has become almost a disease, and there seems to be nothing that medical science—or the Yankee pitchers—can do about it. Whitfield first showed these symptoms on May 4 a year ago when he hit a three-run homer against New York. The next day he did it again—another three-run homer. By the end of the season Whitfield had hit Yankee pitching for 10 home runs and 26 RBIs and had batted .358 against them. Had he kept up that

pace against the rest of the league, Whitfield would have ended up with 90 home runs and 234 RBIs. His Yankee malady was diagnosed as temporary, something that, with time, would go away. But when Whitfield faced New York for the first time this year, there it was again—a game-winning, two-run homer. Next day—coincidentally—he did exactly the same thing. "I give up," said Manager Johnny Keane of the Yankees. Whitfield himself feels that maybe it's his guitar playing that does it. "Strummers" with one hand and fingers' with the other is good for the wrists and hands, and strong wrists and hands are important to hitting," Whitfield says. "The good Lord gave me the ability to hit. That's all I can do. Otherwise I'd be plantin' crops back home in Alabama."



INDIAN'S FRED WHITFIELD

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING*

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	BA	HR	TS	RBI
Phil Stangell	375	10	26	10
SE Hart	450	35	14	
LA Parker	350	26	9	
Art Alva	357	26	7	
Phil Allen	385	25	1	
SIL Smith	471	23	12	
Mea Morgan	349	22	9	
HY Boyer	333	15	7	
Ch Santo	355	18	8	
On Cervantes	345	16	5	

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	BA	HR	TS	RBI
Clew Alva	406	17	6	
Balt J Robinson	444	27	14	
Cal Warner	345	21	7	
Ch Robinson	433	20	7	
Del Kalne	374	23	7	
Mack Olive	429	25	8	
Wash McMillen	333	19	7	
KC Herbsberger	333	12	2	
Bro Scott	376	17	7	
NY Richardson	286	17	5	

*through April 23

Jenkins pitched 5½ innings of scoreless relief and drove in two runs to beat the Dodgers 2-0. The next day rookie Ken Holtzman, with relief from Ted Abernathy, also stopped the Dodgers 2-0. **HOUSTON** (3-4), too, got back-to-back shutouts—from Dave Giusti and Barry Lantieri—to beat the Giants 2-0 and 4-0. **SAN FRANCISCO** (4-2) was on the verge of a third loss to the Astros when Willie Mays started a game-winning rally with his fourth homer of the week. It was the 511th career home run for Mays, tying McOlin's NL record. **PITTSBURGH** (5-2, page 34) won four one-run games, and in the clubhouse the Pirates entertained themselves by listening to a recording called *Going Places*. The only place St. Louis (4-1) wanted to go was to its new stadium, a move it will make on May 12. For years the Cardinals have been haunted by opponents' homers in ancient Busch Stadium, and last week the Pirates hit five there in two nights. Yet Curt Flood won two games for the Cards with home runs, the first with a man on and two out in the ninth for a 5-4 win against the Mets, the next with two on to beat the Pirates 7-5. **LOS ANGELES** (3-3) Pitcher Sandy Koufax was able to beat the Cubs 2-1, because, for the first time this season, "when I reached back for a little extra it was there." That has to be the worst news of the month for NL hitters. The rain in Spain may stay mainly on the plain, but in CINCINNATI (1-5) it stayed mostly around Crosley Field. It held off long enough for the Reds to play, at long last, their home opener, which had been washed out three times, and just long enough for them to end their six-game losing streak with a rain-shortened, six-inning 3-2 win against the Phillies.

Standings: SF 9-3, Phil 9-3, Atl 7-5, LA 7-5, Phil 5-5, SIL 5-5, New 5-4, NY 3-4, Ch 2-6, Cin 2-7



Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano

As Italian as the timeless facades along the Grand Canal. Galliano is Liqueur in the grand manner. In Livorno, legend says they distill the golden rays of the sun and put them into each drop of Galliano. Look for the tall, tapered bottle. Enjoy Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SPRING SONG

Sirs:

I enjoyed your baseball issue (April 18) because, as an Oriole fan, I liked your prediction of a Baltimore pennant. However, the last four paragraphs of your article on the Birds were very misleading. You base your charge of Baltimore's poor attendance on a single day, Sept. 20, 1964. On that particular day the Orioles were playing a doubleheader at home against the Angels, who weren't even in the first division at the time. On the same day the Colts were on TV playing the Packers in Green Bay. Now, who can blame the people for staying home? After all, do the Yankees draw huge crowds when the Giants are on TV?

I might point out to you that the Orioles drew over 75,000 fans for a recent three-game series with the Yankees, who have about as much of a chance of winning the pennant this year as Bobby Kennedy has of being elected governor of Alabama.

As for Mark Russell's ditty, I thought that was about as funny as a case of cancer.

LARRY OSTERLOH

Memphis

Sirs:

To condemn Baltimore as a bad sports city by citing the poor attendance on one Sunday is to overlook the fact that the season total for that year was 1,116,215. Counting the past three years Baltimore averages fourth among American League cities in attendance despite a history of weak hitting and an absence of crowd thrills. Sunday has never been a big attendance day at the unprotected saum known as Memorial Stadium, but our Friday night figures will match Sunday crowds elsewhere.

MAURICE BREL

Baltimore

Sirs:

Orisk attendance is admittedly poor. However, I fail to see what place this has in your scathing report of American League baseball teams. The New York Mets have tremendous fan support, and they're still losing. But the question is: why do you consider a song that describes a city as dotted with strip joints, possessing a bad smelling harbor, and desirous of having a striptease artist for mayor as a necessary part of your baseball analysis?

WILLIAM STATTIR

Baltimore

Sirs:

Washington Comedian Mark Russell, who put the parody needle in Baltimore, did an even sharper job on Houston's Astro-dome when he headlined here last summer.

Oh, give me a home, a 50,000-seat dome,
And a Clear Lake where they race for
space.

A place if you're sick, you can get fixed
up quick,
And a ball team in ninth or 10th place.

MRS. JANE NEWKIRK

Houston

Sirs:

Hats off to Herman Weiskopf—the only one of you sensible enough to pick the Tigers for first!

TED WOLFE

Detroit

Sirs:

Sol—id! Your article about the Philadelphia Phillies was "Holy Believable." We know it, and Mr. Leggett let the world know it.

L. E. VIKERT

Philadelphia

Sirs:

For your information the San Francisco Giants are going to win the National League pennant this year.

ROY EDWARD WOLFE

San Francisco

CLAY IMAGE

Sirs:

Your first two articles in the Clay series are excellent (*A Case of Contradiction*, April 11, et seq.). I am sure that the remaining three will be the same. But then, I may be prejudiced. In a sport once known for color and dramatic flair, Cassius Clay is the first modern champion to revive that spirit both in and out of the ring. The incredible sacrifices and talent alone that go into being merely a good professional boxer make Cassius' dramatics justifiable.

DAVID H. PEARLMAN

Albuquerque

Sirs:

Jack Olsen is doing a fine job of telling the American Legion and everyone else, for that matter, why Cassius Clay isn't the model of the great American Dream. His story would fit fine in a sociology textbook, but in a sports publication it has no place.

Cassius talks too much. So what? Cassius is against the draft. I believe in freedom of speech. Cassius is a Muslim. It's his religion. What I'm trying to get at is that his religion, politics or background should have nothing to do with our judgment of him as an athlete. Save his private life for the social workers.

There is only one measure of a sportsman—ability. Cassius Clay is the best boxer I

have ever seen. Let's treat him like the sports champion he is. He is young, and he is brash, but how he can box! This should be your concern.

ALAN F. TIST

South Pasadena, Calif.

Sirs:

Everyone seems to be jumping on the "I hate Clay" bandwagon, and your Jack Olsen goes along on this ride. Olsen says Clay's oversyllabification of whites' names is mock pomposity. Maybe it's his manner of speech. Many people do it—I, for one. You say he doesn't take white people into his emotional life. Do whites take Negroes into their emotional life? I think there is a grave injustice being done to Cassius Clay. He hurts boxing no more than a cheese champ like Patterson. People should get off this bandwagon.

AL TAMMRELL JR.

Kirkville, Mo.

TITANIC

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' great article, *It Was Five Times in the Thirties* (April 4), really brought back memories for me, especially when he mentioned Titanic Thompson, the best hustler of all time. I lived in Parsons, Kans., and I started playing golf when I was 10. A pro named Tommy Manley cut down some clubs for me, and I shagged balls for him while he gave lessons. In between lessons he would show me how it was done. When I was 13 I won the Parsons Katy Championship and was able to play the course in par. By the time I was 14 or 15 I thought I could beat anyone. Well, one hot July day in 1931 I was hanging around the clubhouse, and a long black car drove up. Four or five guys got out, and one of them asked the pro if he could get a game for some money. I noticed that the golf clubs were left-handed, and I thought I could beat anyone who was left-handed.

Well, I played Titanic one game and won \$20 from him. The next day he set up another game and challenged all the local golf players. I caddied for him that day, and he cleaned out all of them—all but one named Al Norton, a pretty good hustler himself. Titanic could split the middle of a fairway with every drive and was an excellent putter. He played just well enough to win and would bet on every shot, if you wanted to bet. All this leads up to the time Titanic was ready to leave Parsons. He wanted me to go to Bartlesville, Okla. and get a job caddying at the country club. He said he would be down in about a week and pick me for his caddie, and then we would clean up on them all. Well, my dad wouldn't let me go, but to

this day I wish I had gone. Titanic did go there, and I guess that's another story. He wasn't welcome to come back, as I hear it.

It was Fun Time in 1930, all right. I remember hitchhiking 70 miles to Joplin, Mo. just to watch Horton Smith put on a demonstration. It was also Fun Time in 1932 when I went to the Tri-state Golf Tournament in Joplin with \$10 and a change of clothes. I lost the first-round match to a good putter from Columbus, Kans. and, I remember, I cried. I had played my best and lost. The next day as I was huffing around the clubhouse a guy asked if I would like to play a game as his partner against a winner and a promising young pro. I was sure glad to get to play that day, and when I moved a short birdie on the 4th hole my partner said, "Look them over, we are playing for ten-ten-ten." I thought this was gems but it was dollars and I didn't have \$5 on me. Well, my partner sure laughed at me as I shot the eyes out of the course. I think I was six under par and we won easy. But my partner was Ky Laffoon, and he knew we would win. I remember having all my 30 bucks in one-dollar bills. I rolled them up like Titanic did—only his roll was 20s. When I got home and peeled off \$10 to my dad (the amount he gave me to start out with) I had plenty left.

Now I am 50 and still play once a week with a 5 handicap, and I have a son who's 17 and a 5-handicap player and, you know, he is left-handed like Titanic Thompson.

JOCK BURWIN

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Says:

I just got so much genuine joy out of Dan Jenkins' article that I couldn't resist writing. It was all so vivid. Man, many years ago I kidded for Al Watrous when he came to Ashland, Ohio to play a match with the local pro and the track-shot artist, Joe Kirkwood. Kirkwood would do fabulous things, like shooting a ball off a pocket watch, but he could never seem to win a tournament. He traveled a lot with Hagen.

These guys you write of. I remember them all. Dutch Harrison always fascinated me, and this guy is still going. He had and probably still has about as big a loop in his swing as a giraffe could have but, boy, he finished smooth as silk. And he always entertained that gallery all the way.

One that you didn't mention was Middlecoff. Such a furber and a wiggler I never saw, but when the instant came to swing that club I never have seen so fit a transformation. All this pittery business would suddenly dissolve into a swing just about as liquid and beautiful as Sam Snead's.

I could go on here for hours, but I just wanted you to know I enjoyed your article.

DORIS MILLER

Warren, Mich.



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The world of sports car racing is at once glamorous and confusing—glamorous for its thrills and dangers, confusing in the brain-crushing variety of cars and events. As an increasing number of Americans are coming to appreciate, however, there are some certainties, too. One is that the finest sports cars built for road or racecourse since World War II have been the elegantly swift Ferraris of Italy. Another is that the single most significant man in the field has been their manufacturer, Enzo Ferrari. And, finally, there is a special magic in the name Le Mans and its 24-hour sports car race, in which Ferraris have recently been in vogue.

Certain events in sport are classics—the Kentucky Derby, tennis at Wimbledon, the Indianapolis 500, the 24 hours of Le Mans—each providing the best quality of its kind at a traditional site. Le Mans is a drab provincial capital 115 miles southwest of Paris, famous only for a gruesome double murder in the 1930s and its auto race, held each June and running from 4 o'clock on a Saturday afternoon to 4 the following afternoon. The racecourse, lying south of town, is a long one—8.36 miles of road roughly forming a rectangle. It includes a three-mile-long straightaway and a variety of kinks and corners. As circuits go, it is extremely fast. The quickest cars can get around in a little more than three and a half minutes, which averages out to better than 120 mph. Some fifty-five cars start, running the gamut from tiny Renaults to big Fords and Ferraris. It is usual for larger cars to overtake smaller ones while running 50 and 60 mph faster, which makes for tight situations on every lap. Some of the best road-racing drivers despise Le Mans for this reason, and also because they must suppress a natural inclination to race flat out from the fall of the starting flag. There are always a few who suppress badly, the usual result being a blown engine or damaged gearbox and early retirement. Often the best-disciplined drivers cannot resist taking out after an unusually fast car on an opposing team. In 1965 there was so much unrestrained speed in the early hours that not one of the four factory Ferraris or the six factory Fords finished the race. (A privately entered Ferrari won.) There are other difficulties: the strain of night racing in the long hours of darkness, the probability of fog or

Twenty-four Hours Later a Ferrari Wins

That has been the continuing story of sports car racing at Le Mans for this decade, but can the old man keep it up? by KENNETH RUDEEN

rain. Even though there are two drivers to each car, serving alternate hitches at the wheel, the pressure is constant and fatigue sets in.

When it all began back in 1923 the race was intended to be a torture test of fast touring cars—a goad to manufacturers to improve the breed by remedying the defects exposed during the 24 hours. Until World War II the cars were not radically different from showroom specimens. The commercial advantages of winning were not as important then as they are now, and in those days there were a certain chivalry and style now out of fashion.

Consider the scene in 1926 as the English driver and journalist S.C.H. Davis recalls it. Favorites for the overall victory were the massive green Bentleys from Britain and the lithe blue Peugeots of France. The Bentley team knew it was up against "a tough proposition." "Specklessly clean and polished to a

blaze," the Bentleys were rolled to their starting positions. "Benjafield and myself on Seven, Clement and Duller on Eight, Thistlethwaite and Gallop on Nine." Davis speaks of the "glorious and thrilling" duels by daylight, and of the transition to night driving: "Darkness fell, our cars came in, the hags over the head-lamps were cut away, and with bright, clean lamp glasses off they went again, while other people were scrubbing hard at a glutinous mass of chloride, squashed flies, and caked dust to produce a light at all. With the head-lamps and the switching on of lights all over the pits and grandstand, the scene became extraordinarily beautiful and eerie, the path of the cars down the road being marked by the swing of the head-light beams. . . . My spell during the night was cold but thrilling, the run from Mulsanne through the woods to Armage was goblinesque as the lights threw sharp, dark shadows from the trees, and here and there the warm glow of a fire showed a group of enthusiastic spectators."

Daylight. New thrills. Drama. The top Peugeot goes out, and there is a chance for Davis to overtake another Peugeot now leading. "From our pit fluttered the 'all-out' signal." Thus inspired, Davis hurled his Bentley after the enemy. A shower "clouded one's goggles abominably," and then, alas, the Bentley was off the road and caught in a sandbank, wedged in too deep to be dug out. There was an embarrassing report to make to Builder W. O. Bentley. "I said, 'I have made a fool of myself and broken up the car,' and then I went for a long walk alone and wished I was dead."

This romantic view of Le Mans was not uncommon right up to the start of World War II, and when racing was resumed after the war it survived for a while in a few individuals. The last of the great romantics was the American sportsman, Briggs Cunningham, who



ENZO FERRARI: THE KING OF LE MANS



Bill Russell cuts loose!



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Special bonded upper of double-thickness duck... a fleece-lined, swept back tongue... seamless toes and double, pull-proof eyelets mold the Bill Russell Basketball Shoe to your foot... give you the game-winning action of high jumping, shock-absorbent double sponge insole plus the exclusive TRIACTION outsole. The perfect combination to give you split-second stops and starts... extra fast cuts and pivots.

Watch "The Shoe" in action as Bill Russell flashes down the floor with the Boston Celtics or see it along with the complete line of Bristol outdoor and athletic footwear at your nearest store. Bristol Manufacturing Corporation, Bristol, Rhode Island.

BRISTOL

A Ferrari Wins *continued*

with gallantry and a cheerful disregard of the expense put the U.S. into the fight in the early 1950s. He not only had special Cunningham cars built for Le Mans but also raced them—and pretty well, too.

Today most of the Le Mans racers are entered by manufacturers who want badly to win for the worldwide publicity certain to follow. A few amateur drivers still get in, but most are businesslike pros, odds-on not to discern anything glibly or otherwise enthralling on the Mulsanne-Arnage section. At Le Mans the cars are the heroes—and the builders behind them.

When normal, prosaic passenger cars were scarce after the war and automakers were bumping to meet the demand, there were few sporty machines available for Le Mans, so the race officials admitted the car known as the "prototype." These were required to have a few of the customary features of road cars—fenders, headlights, a passenger's seat—but otherwise they could be as racy as the builders wanted to make them and nobody cared whether they were actually prototypes of cars to be sold to the public. With their fussy racing engines and stripped interiors they were not fit to be driven on normal roads. Naturally, these "wide Grand Prix cars" clobbered the more or less production-line entries. There was much argument among specialists as to whether the prototypes violated sacred Le Mans tradition, but the spectators loved them. They loved them so much that attendance has spiraled up to the 300,000 mark. This affection was not even dampened by the catastrophe of 1955—racing's worst accident, in which 83 spectators were killed when a Mercedes rode up the back of a skidding Austin Healey, took off, hit the top of the bank and disintegrated into the crowd.

Le Mans races go like this: drivers sprint across the homestretch to their silent cars, angle-parked in a long line and arranged roughly by engine size, with the bigger cars first, fire them up and tear away in the lowliest traffic tangle east of the Hollywood Freeway. Twenty-four hours later a Ferrari wins. Occasional winners in the early postwar years, Ferraris became unbeatable in the '60s, taking six consecutive victories in the years 1960 to 1965.

There are several kinds of Ferraris: the sports car prototypes that win at Le

Mans, the Grand Prix cars, the somewhat tamer Grand Touring cars that also are raced and some of the most gorgeous, costly, swift, leather-upholstered roadsters and coupes that ever made the street scene. When Porfirio Rubirosa crashed and died in the summer of 1965 in the Bois de Boulogne he was at the wheel of a Ferrari. His widow, the exquisite starlet Odile Rodin, underlined the general feeling about Rubirosa's discriminating taste in cars, as well as his style of living, by commenting that it was the way he would have wanted to go.

Ferraris are the most revered of all fast cars because one hawk-nosed, earthy man builds them as he damn pleases. He builds them fast, he builds them beautiful and he builds them expensive. He is 66-year-old Enzo Ferrari, and he is the last remaining automaker of any importance with the power and independence to do this. His spiritual predecessor is the famous Italian-born French builder, Etienne Bugatti, whose horseshoe radiator graced the most distinctive racing and touring cars of the '20s and '30s.

Enzo Ferrari may be the only automobile manufacturer in the world who dares to provide a warranty of any kind on his cars. They range in price from \$14,000 to \$29,000, and if you insist upon a warranty he will tell you to go jump into a Rolls-Royce. Ferrari does not cozy up to his customers, some of whom he describes as "exhibitionists." He is correct in the presence of royalty—Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands is a faithful customer—but blue-bloods get no concessions.

Ferrari's first love is racing, not commercial success. Once a driver himself, then boss of the Scuderia Ferrari, a semi-independent team that handled Alfa Romeo's prewar racing, and finally the builder of his own racing and touring cars, he has, year in and year out, in good times and bad, devoted his life to racing of the highest quality. In the late 1950s, when a number of famous drivers died while racing his cars (Britann's Peter Collins, Italy's Luigi Musso, the Marquis de Portago of Spain), he was violently attacked in some parts of the Italian press as a monster, the im-

This article is adapted from the book The Swiftest by Kenneth Ruden & W. W. Norton & Co. will publish it this summer.

plication being that he heartlessly sent these men to their deaths. The Vatican newspaper debated whether it was contrary to the moral law to permit the risk of human life inherent in racing.

Despite these storms Ferrari has persevered and added to his fame. So many drivers have raced for him over the years, from the legendary Tazio Nuvolari to the recent world champion, John Surtees of Britain, that a list of the top men reads like a racing hall of fame. To Ferrari the best of the oldtimers was Nuvolari, and the best of the postwar generation Stirling Moss, a driver who somehow never found himself on the Ferrari factory team despite Enzo's admiration for him.

Juan Fangio won the world championship for 1956 in a Ferrari Grand Prix car but switched to the rival Italian Maserati works the following year. Interestingly, Ferrari saw Fangio as a supreme Grand Prix driver, but not of Moss's class in sports cars. (This is a fine distinction. Excellent Grand Prix drivers are almost invariably excellent sports car drivers as well. Fangio, while brilliant in a number of sports car races, was perhaps bored in others and not at his best. Moss's vitality and competitive fire made him an outstanding contender in any kind of car in any race.) Ferrari did not much care for Fangio as a human being, accusing him of having a persecution mania.

Ferrari long ago stopped going to races himself and today rarely travels far from Maranello, the north Italian town where he has built a small but unusually self-sufficient factory. Ferrari dislikes being dependent upon outside suppliers. For racing he fabricates everything that he can, down to the smallest fittings. Moss tells a story to illustrate this. During the 1964 Grand Prix of Austria, a tiny suspension part on John Surtees' car broke, putting him out of the race. "They did a big engineering exercise on the part that broke," Moss says. "It was one of the very few parts made outside the factory. The whole job was scrapped. After that, Ferrari made his own."

All Ferrari touring cars and most of the racing models have V-12 engines that are built there in the Maranello factory. That they are V-12s is traceable to Ferrari's admiration for the big American V-12 Packards of military officers whom he saw in Italy just after World

continued



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A Ferrari Wins

War I and to the fact that he liked the exhaust noise they made—their "song," as he puts it, Racing Ferraris emit a magnificent wail. Some far-gone buffs, unable to get enough of this magic sound at the races, wallow in it at home via record player.

Ferrari did not design the V-12 engine. The credit belongs to Gioacchino Colombo, an engineer already famous for his contributions to Alfa Romeo racing cars. In fact, Ferrari designs virtually none of the pieces that make up his automobiles. His genius lies in his taste, his discrimination, his instinct for this or that total configuration out of the innumerable alternatives possible. Above all, he is renowned for the power of his engines. Some years ago he paid scant attention to suspension, believing that the hottest engine wins the motor race. When underpowered English cars of the late '50s and early '60s started beating his brutes because they stuck better in turns and thus could get through them faster, Ferrari cheerfully copied the kind of suspension that made this possible.

In America, Ferrari fever among car buffs approaches outright worship. Soon after the first competition sports cars appeared on this side of the Atlantic, John Bond, the publisher of *Road & Track*, was hailing "one of the truly great cars in world automotive history." American racing drivers queued up for them. The flamboyant amateur, "Gentleman Jim" Kimberly of the Kimberly-Clark paper-making millions, cut a swath in red racing coveralls to match his red Ferrari, which was transported first-class in a Ferrari red truck. The serious and gifted pros, such drivers as Phil Hill, Carroll Shelby and Masten Gregory, all raced Ferraris early in their careers. Hill spent a number of years on the factory team, winning the world championship in 1961 and no less than three Le Mans victories, teaming up on those occasions with the Belgian chemical heir, Olivier Gendebien. Shelby's supreme goal these days is to defeat Ferrari at Le Mans with the impressive Ford Motor Company prototype, called the Mark II. In view of the massive resources Ford is bringing to the fight, this could be the year, if so, Ford will be entitled to much glory, despite its advantages in money and number of technical experts, for anyone who takes on that magnificent old man of Maranello knows he has been in a race.

END



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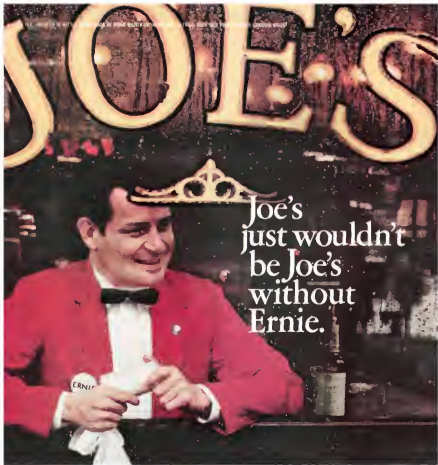
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